ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE

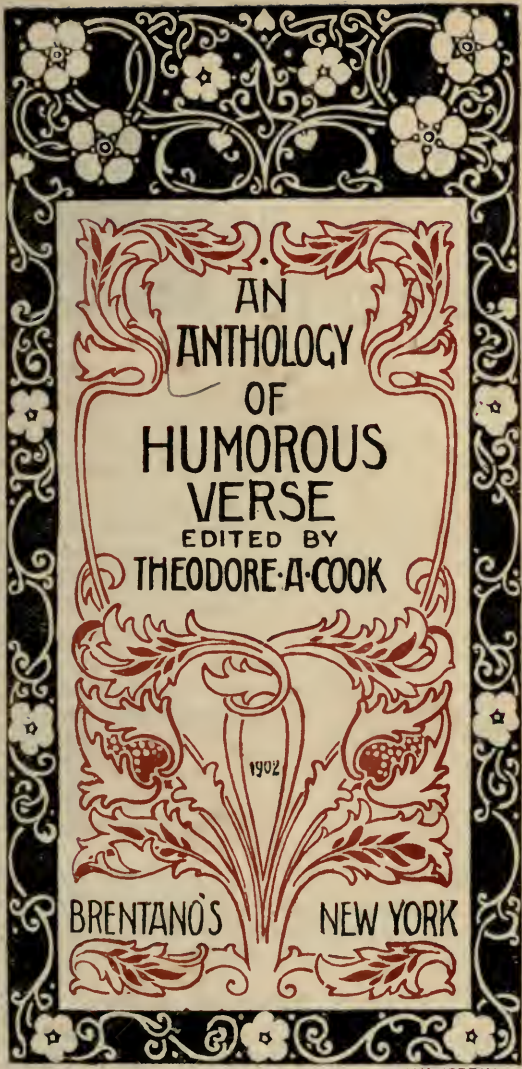


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John Gilpin


AN
ANTHOLOGY
OF
HUMOROUS
VERSE
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AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

ANON.

Sir Penny 10
I had both Money and a Friend 12
King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth 23
Gossip Mine 54
Trust in Women 57
The Clown's Courtship 59
A new Courtly Sonnet, of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of "Greensleeves" 60
Captain Wedderburn's Courtship 68
Unfortunate Miss Bailey 95
Siege of Belgrade 175
Epigram 204
Allister M'Allister 224
Hock *versus* Falernian 236

BARHAM, REV. R H.

The Forlorn One 250
Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation 302

BOSANQUET, R. CARR.

The Dean's Story 280

PAGE

BOSWELL, SIR ALEXANDER.
Jenny's Bawbee 205

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS 204

BURNS, ROBERT.
What can a young Lassie 82
Whistle o'er the lave o't 84
Oh aye my wife she dang me 86
John Barleycorn 234
Tam o' Shanter 237

BYRON, LORD.
Love in Idleness 215
Money 225
Don Juan approaches London 300

CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART.
A Charade 163
Gemini and Virgo 309
Ode to Tobacco 316

CANNING, GEORGE.
The Knife-grinder 177
The University of Göttingen 211

CARROLL, LEWIS.
Some Hallucinations 318

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.
Chauntecleer and Pertelote 1
The Wife of Bath's Prologue 50

COLERIDGE, S. T.
The Devil's Thoughts 226
Cologne 237

CONGREVE, WILLIAM.
Buxom Joan 78

PAGE

COTTON, CHARLES.
The Joys of Marriage 73

COUCH, ARTHUR T. QUILLER.
The Famous Ballad of the Jubilee Cup ... 332

COWLEY, ABRAHAM.
The Chronicle. A Ballad 64

COWPER, WILLIAM.
The Diverting History of John Gilpin 267
The Retired Cat 277

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.
John Grumlie 67
There dwalt a Man 232

DEANE, ANTHONY C.
Here is the Tale 155

DILLON, VISCOUNT.
The Donnybrook Jig 244

DOBSON, AUSTIN.
Dora *versus* Rose 97
The Poet and the Critics 167
The Maltworm's Madrigal 228

DUNBAR, WILLIAM.
The Devil's Inquest 28
Amends to the Tailors and Soutars 35

FERRIER, MISS.
Two last stanzas of "The Laird o' Cockpen" 89

GILBERT, W. S.
The Story of Prince Agib 313
To the Terrestrial Globe 317
Etiquette 319

PAGE

GODLEY, A. D.

After Horace 110
The Journalist Abroad 166
Græculus Esuriens 195
Pensées de Noël 327

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.

An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize 83
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog 266

GOOGE, BARNABY.

Out of Sight, out of Mind 22

GRAVES, ALFRED P.

Father O'Flynn 223

GRAY, THOMAS.

On the Death of a Favourite Cat 275

GRUBBE, J.

St. George for England 290

GUTHRIE, T. ANSTEY.

Burglar Bill 147

HENLEY, W. E.

As like the Woman as you can 100
Villon's Straight Tip to all Cross Coves ... 112
Culture in the Slums 143

HENRYSON, ROBERT

Tale of the Upland Mouse and the Burgess Mouse 31

HERRICK, ROBERT.

A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly sent to a Lady 40
No Fault in Women 63

PAGE

HEYWOOD, THOMAS.
Valerius on Women 63
The way to know a Dainty Dapper Wench ... 66
The Englishman 289

HILTON, A. C.
The Vulture and the Husbandman 132
Octopus 138

HOOD, THOMAS.
Faithless Sally Brown 90
Mary's Ghost 93
The Double Knock 173
Blank Verse in Rhyme 175
Faithless Nelly Gray 212
John Trot 219
I'm not a Single Man 246

HOWARD, H. NEWMAN.
A Ballad of Sir Kay 201

JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND, KING.
The Gaberlunzie Man 37

LANG, ANDREW.
Double Ballade of Primitive Man 307
Ballade of Cricket 331

LEHMANN, R. C.
To the Master of Trinity 261
Middle Age 324

LEVER, CHARLES.
The Widow Malone 87
Bad Luck to this Marching 306

LINDESAY, SIR DAVID.
A Carman's Account of a Law-Suit 36

LOCHORE, ROBERT.
Marriage and the care o't 73

PAGE

LOCKHART, J. G.
Captain Paton 253

LYDGATE, JOHN.
The London Lackpenny 13

LYSAGHT, EDWARD.
Kitty of Coleraine 96

MAGINN, DOCTOR.
The Lady's Pocket Adonis 207
Saint Patrick 298

MAXWELL, J. C.
Rigid Body Sings 258

MILTON, JOHN.
On the Oxford Carrier 40

MOORE, THOMAS.
To Fanny 95

NAIRNE, LADY.
The Laird o' Cockpen 88

PAIN, BARRY.
The Poets at Tea 135
Martin Luther at Potsdam 145
Bangkolidye 340

PEACOCK, T. LOVE.
The War-song of Dinas Vawr 200

PIGOTT, MOSTYN T.
The Hundred Best Books 171
"You are young, Kaiser William" 194

PLANCHÉ, J. R.
The Collegian and the Porter 258

PAGE

POLLOCK, SIR FREDERICK.
The Hound's Tail's Case 169
Lines on the Death of a College Cat 283

PRAED, W. M.
The Lay of the Cheese 179
The London University 181
A Song of Impossibilities 184
Utopia 186
The New Order of Things 190
Pledges 192

PRIOR, MATTHEW.
Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard, Esq. ... 41
The Chameleon 47
A Simile 48
Bibo and Charon 49

PROUT, FATHER.
The Sabine Farmer's Serenade... 209

RODGER, ALEXANDER.
Behave yoursel' before Folk 80
Robin Tamson's Smiddy 84

ROPES, ARTHUR REED.
The Lost Pleiad 330

SEAMAN, OWEN.
A Plea for Trigamy 99
At the Sign of the Cock 140
To Mr. Alfred Austin 158
To the Lord of Potsdam 198

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.
From "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ... 102

SKELTON, JOHN.
The Complaint of a Rustic against the Clergy 7

SMITH, JAMES.
Surnames 251

PAGE

SMITH, J. AND H.
Cui Bono? 113
The Rebuilding 117
Playhouse Musings 123
The Living Lustres 126
The Theatre 129

STEVENSON, R. L.
Not I 315

STEPHEN, J. K.
Sincere Flattery of F. W. H. Myers 342
To R. K. 343

STILL, JOHN.
Jolly Good Ale and Old 6

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN.
A Wedding 74

SWIFT, DEAN.
A Gentle Echo on Woman 79

SYKES, ARTHUR A.
The Tour that never was 328

SYMONDS, J. A.
The Confession of Golias 16

THACKERAY, W. M.
When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas 214
The Sorrows of Werther 218
The Ballad of Bouillabaisse 229
Little Billee 233
The Crystal Palace 284

TREVELYAN, SIR GEO. O.
Advertisements 256

TYTLER, JAMES.
I hae Laid a Herring in Saut 204



INDEX TO FIRST LINES

PAGE

"A Captain bold from Halifax" . . . 92
"A fig for St. Dennis of France" . . . 298
"A little saint best fits a little shrine" . . 40
"A poet's cat, sedate and grave" . . . 277
"A povre widwe, somdel stape in age" . . 1
"A soldier and a sailor" 78
"A street there is in Paris famous" . . . 220
"Ah! why those piteous sounds of woe?" . 250
"An Austrian army awfully arrayed" . . 175
"As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping," . 96
"As like the woman as you can" . . . 100
"As once a twelvemonth to the priest" . . 41
"As some Peter-house fellows, one day, I have heard" 236
"As the chameleon, who is known" . . . 47
"At Trin. Coll. Cam., which means . . . 258
"Bad luck to this marching" 306
"Behave yoursel' before folk" 89

PAGE

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold" 212
"Between now and my holidays" . . . 328
"Betwixt twal' hours and eleven" . . . 35
"Boiling in my spirit's veins" 16
"Dear Thomas, did'st thou never pop" . . 48
"Did ye hear of the Widow Malone" . . 87
"Dr. Butler, may I venture" 261
"Echo, I ween, will in the wood reply" . . 79
"Esop, mine author, makes mention" . . 31
"Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark" . 175
"From his brimstone bed at break of day" . . 226
"First, there's the Bible" 171
"First, when Maggie was my care" . . . 84
"From the tragic-est novels of Mudie's" . . 97
"Gimme my scarlet tie" 340
"Gin a body meet a body" 258
"Good people all, of every sort" . . . 266
"Good people all with one accord" . . . 83
"Greensleeves was all my joy" 60
"He lived in a cave by the seas" . . . 307
"Here lieth one who did most truly prove" . 40
"He thought he saw an elephant" . . . 318
"How uneasy is his life" 73
"How beauteous are rouleaus!" 225
"I am a blessed Glendoveer" 117
"I cannot eat but little meat" 6
"I drink of the Ale of Southwark" . . . 228
"If I could scare the light away" . . . 186
"If those who wield the rod forget" . . . 167
"If we offend, it is with our goodwill" . . 102

PAGE

"I had both money and a friend" . . . 12
"I hae laid a herring in saut" 204
"I met four chaps yon birks amang" . . . 205
"In earth it is a little thing" 10
"In summer time, when leaves grow greene" . 23
"In Köln, a town of monks and bones" . . 237
"I tell thee, Dick, where I have been" . . 74
"I've been trying to fashion a wifely ideal" . 99
"I will you tell a full good sport" . . . 54
"John Gilpin was a citizen" 267
"John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon" 67
"John Trot he was as tall a lad" . . . 219
"King George, observing with judicious eyes." . 204
"Lady, I loved you all last year" . . . 184
"Let her eye be clear, and her brow severe" . 69
"Majestic Monarch, whom the other gods" . 198
"Margarita first possessed" 64
"Marry, I lent my gossip my mare" . . . 36
"Men once were surnamed for their shape or estate" 251
"My mither men't my auld breeks" . . . 84
"My pensive public, wherefore look you sad?" . 123
"Needy knife-grinder, whither are you going?" 177
"Never mind how the pedagogue proses" . . 95
"No fault in women to refuse" 63
"Now Jack looked up, it was time to sup" . 155
"O Allister M'Allister" 224
"O crikey Bill! She ses to me, she ses" . . 143
"Och! the Coronation!" 302
"Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety" . 223

PAGE

"Oh, aye, my wife she dang me" . . . 86
"Oh! 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg" . . 244
"On Balaclava's fatal plain" 256
"O where, O where is my leetle hound's tail" . 169
"O why should our dull retrospective addresses" 126
"Pour, varlet, pour the water" 135
"Quoth John to Joan, wilt thou have me?" . 59
"Quoth Rab to Kate, my sonsy dear" . . 73
"Rat-tat it went upon the lion's chin" . . 173
"Roll on, thou ball, roll on!" 317
"Rooster her sign" 140
"Sated with home, of wife, of children, tired" . 113
"See where the K., in sturdy self-reliance" . 342
"She that denies me I would have" . . . 63
"Sikes, housebreaker, of Houndsditch" . . 163
"Some like drink" 315
"Some vast amount of years ago" . . . 309
"Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed" 138
"Strike the concertina's melancholy string" . 313
"Suppose you screeve, or go cheapjack?" . . 112
"That cat, sir, black and yellow" . . . 280
"The *Ballyshannon* foundered" . . . 319
"The burden of hard hitting" 331
"The children of Mercurie and of Venus" . . 50
"The early bird got up and whet his beak" . 158
"The Junior Fellow's vows were said" . . 283
"The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse" . 204
"The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great" 88
"The Laird of Roslin's daughter" . . . 68

PAGE

"The mountain sheep are sweeter" . . . 200
"The oftener seen the more I lust" . . . 22
"The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee" . . 37
"The Pope, that pagan full of pride" . . 179
"The rain was raining cheerfully" . . . 132
"There came a Grecian admiral" . . . 195
"There dwalt a man into the West" . . 232
"There is an awkward thing which much perplexes" 215
"There was a lady lived at Leith" . . . 207
"The Spaniard loves his ancient slop" . . 289
"The Story of King Arthur old" . . . 291
"There were three sailors of Bristol City" . . 233
"There were three Kings into the East" . . 235
"This night in my sleep I was aghast" . . 28
"Thou who, when fears attack" . . . 316
"Through a window in the attic" . . . 147
"Through groves so call'd as being void of trees" 300
"'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six" . 129
"To London once my steps I bent" . . . 13
"Touch once more a sober measure" . . . 253
"'Twas a pretty little maiden" 330
"'Twas in the middle of the night" . . . 93
"'Twas on a lofty vase's side" 275
"'Twas on a windy night" 209
"Well I confess I did not guess" . . . 246
"We're sick of this distressing state" . . 190
"Werther had a love for Charlotte" . . . 218
"What asks the Bard? He pra s for nought . 110
"What can a young lassie" . . . 82

PAGE

"What can it avail?" 7
"What Ho" 201
"What lightning shall light it?" . . . 145
"When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat" 49
"When a gentleman comes" 192
"When Chapman billies leave the street" . . 237
"When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas" . . 214
"When Parson, Doctor, Don,—" . . . 166
"When that my years were fewer" . . . 324
"When the landlord wants the rent" . . 327
"When these things following be done to our intent" 57
"Whene'er with haggard eyes I view" . . 211
"Will there never come a season" . . . 343
"With ganial foire" 284
"Ye dons and ye doctors" 181
"You are young, Kaiser William" . . . 194
"You may lift me up in your arms, lad" . . 332
"Young Ben he was a nice young man" . . 90



THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD.

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, and rheums,
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes,
Or meets with achés in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone;
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs the more he may.
[*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

I.

A COLLECTION of verse which stood in need of lengthy, preliminary disquisitions would hardly justify the epithet of Humorous which is placed on the title-page of this little Anthology. I do not propose therefore to restrain my readers very long, by any dilatory passages of prose, from the pleasure

they may legitimately anticipate in perusing the more sprightly pages which follow.

I have been wandering of late in a smiling pleasure garden, where there are blooms for every fancy, and flowers of every hue. Though I have pillaged here and there, the parterres and the paths seem just as bright now that I look back at them; and the bouquet that was my spoil I lay very modestly at your feet. It is more representative, perhaps, of my choice in such matters than of your own. Yet you may take what consolation may be possible from the thought that the taste of the most catholic editor, edited he never so wisely, would be no more likely to reproduce all you may wish to see. I could not recommend the remedy of gathering in one mighty volume all the verses that might be described as humorous since English rhymed at all. The faint aroma of their wit would disappear beneath the load of ink and paper; and there would still remain the supreme difficulty of stating precisely what may be defined as Humour. As will be seen later on, I have preferred to let my Poets explain their own ideas of Humour for themselves; but if Rabelais be right, the definition should present scant difficulty to the average mortal :—

> "Mieulx est de ris que de larmes escripre
> Pource que rire est le propre de l'homme:"

and if you consider the subject philosophically, it is no doubt your possession of this volume that constitutes one of the great claims of mankind to his superiority over the brutes that perish from sheer lack of laughter. Unfortunately the nation for which Rabelais wrote has not always shown herself willing to be saved by the sense of humour he possessed; and it has been sometimes levelled as a national reproach at England that she took

her pleasures much too sadly. But anyone who cares to look at the earlier examples of English humour in these pages must confess that—if their fun was sometimes a thought robust—our forefathers were very soon and very easily moved to merriment: and if I may apply the moral a little more directly, I should recommend all the most melancholy and morose of modern critics to take the instant antidote of this collection; for never has that unjust phrase about *genus irritabile vatum* received more patent refutation. Certainly none of the living authors represented here proved irritable when they were asked to increase the gaiety of the nation by sending me their verses for this book. I have made my particular acknowledgments elsewhere, both to authors and to publishers, but if there should be any involuntary omissions, I hereby confess my obligations, and beg to convey my gratitude, to all who have so kindly given their assistance, and more particularly to one friendly critic who has saved me from innumerable sins and suggested the most valuable of my editorial virtues.

II.

It is necessary that I should explain some reasons for the arrangement of this volume. There may be omissions which will be obvious to each observer; but I have endeavoured, at least, to give a typical example in each kind, even if some particular instances are lacking. The author of the most beautiful poem upon pure, light-hearted happiness might well have been suspected of a vein of kindly humour; and those who remember *L'Allegro*, will not be surprised to find the Lines on the Oxford Carrier written by the author of *Paradise Lost*. Humour might, no doubt, be dis-

poet. I have been more influenced by the treatment—and occasionally by the subject—of a poem than by its authorship or date. In the early days, soon after Chaucer, we are in an epoch of rough physical humour, of drinking songs, of simple fables; when law-suits and money, the unknown king and his outspoken subject, the Church and the Devil, provided the stock elements of laughter. There was a directness and a vital strength about these singers which I seem to see reflected in the bold detail-carvings of the Gothic Cathedrals, where Humour treads upon the heels of the Grotesque, and laughter is sometimes very near akin to tears. Not until the spacious days of Elizabethan literature does this weight of inevitable realism begin to lift. Soon afterwards, the Cavaliers were among the most delightful lyrists in the world, but rather in the passionate than the humorous vein; and after these again there is an interval, an interregnum, in which it may be recognised that the old style is dead, and the new one has not been born. Of this is the long newsletter, meant to be witty, and occasionally humorous. But the charm of the ancient days had vanished, without being as yet replaced by any compensating skill. The old stories had all been told, and there was no one to touch them with a new life or to find fresh subjects for his verse. The unfortunate repetition which comes from lack of ideas became common, and the "Primitive Jest" flourished in the land, only not perishing outright because, in Rabelais' phrase, it was in one form or another an essential human attribute. As Mr. Andrew Lang has sung:—

"I am an early Jest!
Man delved, and built, and span;

Then wandered South and West
The peoples Aryan,
I journeyed in their van ;
The Semites, too, confessed,—
From Beersheba to Dan,—
I am a Merry Jest !

"I am an ancient Jest,
Through all the human clan,
Red, black, white, free, oppressed,
Hilarious I ran !
I'm found in Lucian,
In Poggio, and the rest,
I'm dear to Moll and Nan !
I am a Merry Jest ! "

So then, the First Division of my Anthology is devoted to what may be described as old-fashioned humour out of which, for good or evil, we have grown with the growth of a veneer of refinement, with the spread of the elements of knowledge, and with the increase of intercommunication.

IV.

The Second Division is of perennial interest ; for in it I have collected a small sheaf from the mighty harvest of witticisms written round about the Eternal Feminine. Some of these may not be accepted as "humorous" in the stricter sense, inasmuch as they only give a touch of pleasant merriment to a prettily descriptive episode. Of such are "Greensleeves" and "Dowsabel," though I could only print the first. Sometimes such verses as those of Ovid, on his catholic affection for all ladies, seem to have appealed to the fancy of later

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ages, as in the lines of Cowley, or of Suckling. Sometimes exactly the reverse is fashionable, and we get a catalogue of the many faults which the Man was obliged to find throughout the ages in the Woman, if only to assert a general superiority which stood occasionally in need of better proof than mere abuse. The lines on "Trust in Women" are a good example of this. Though it is not my business here to suggest literary criticism, or to discuss origins, I cannot forbear pointing out the ingenious turn given by King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of Great Britain to this same subject, in his poem "Of Women" just unearthed by Mr. Robert Rait from the Bodleian Manuscripts. After detailing the many faults of womankind and giving parallels in almost every realm of natural history, the royal poet concludes by thinking that these feminine weaknesses are only the result of the woman being "nearer nature" than the man.

> "for uemen bad heirby are lesse to blame
> for that thay follou nature eueryquhayre,
> & ye most uorthie prayse quhose reason dantis
> that nature quhilk into youre sexe so hantis."

This subject, a particular favourite with the Scotch, was of course common in England from the days of Chaucer, and before him, in the Mystery Plays; and I have thought that this division might even have a separate value of its own, apart from its strictly poetical contents, as indicating the progress of the various opinions of women held by British poets during a long period of time. It has been suggested that the fashion of *vers de société* has an intimate connection with the contemporary position of women. Locker was thinking of them when he said that in such verses "sentiment never surges into passion, humour never overflows into

boisterous merriment." So we find little of the kind in Greek Poets, though Mr. Andrew Lang detects a trace of it in Theocritus and Alcman. The only deliberate humour I can recall in the fragments of Sappho the Divine are not of this order:—

θυρωρῷ πόδες ἐπτορόγυιοι
τὰ δὲ σάμβαλα πεμπεβόηα
πίσυγγοι δέ δέκ' ἐξεπόνασαν—

which might have been written of a College Porter of to-day, just as the fun of the "Frogs" of Aristophanes filled the new Theatre at Oxford with appreciative modern audiences. But these, and the rest, write not for women. It was to men, too, that Catullus and Martial, Horace and Ovid really appealed, in spite of tender dedications. For a long while the songs that would have suited English ladies were written only for the music of their amorous swains, and so came the "love-making in numbers" of the Cavaliers. But at the present day the changes that have occurred in the position and the outlook of women are fairly faithfully reflected in our humorous verse. "Once our superiors, now our equals," women exercise a strong fascination over the light-hearted modern versifier, and we have happily emerged unscathed from the Epoch of the Mother-in-Law, which continues still so popular across the Channel.

V.

My Third Division chiefly deals with Parody, though I have included in it certain efforts in versification, which depend for their success upon what may be described as secondary interests

verses which achieve a literary triumph over the alphabet, or over self-imposed difficulties of metre; verses which take as their deliberate theme such subjects as criticism, the journalistic instinct, legal documents, or even a bookseller's catalogue; verses which propound that kind of rhyming riddle known as the Charade. These, it seems to me, should, for one reason or another, stand somewhat by themselves; they do not exhibit that judicious blend of subject and treatment which appeals to me in the best humorous verse; for they are either examples of what tricks can be played with words and rhymes and metres, apart from any interest that is to be expected from their subject matter, or they deliberately choose a topic which is restricted to an audience of specialists. They could hardly be excluded from any collection which endeavoured to be typical within its limits. On the other hand they scarcely deserved a division to themselves; so I have placed them, rather for convenient than logical reasons, at the end of the division which begins with Parody, for after all, Parody draws its chief justification and its brightest chance of success from the literary accident that the original suggestion is familiar to the reader.

It must not for a moment be imagined that I would in the least disparage the art of Parody. This is no place to consider its value as compared with that of original work. Parody like that of the "Rejected Addresses" is not mere mimicry. It is a joy in itself, which gains by its associations and loses nothing of its jocund originality; which is able to laugh at the follies of a whole school o thought as well as at the weaknesses of any individual writer. In at least one instance I have placed an obvious parody outside my Third

Division, for the reason that its value as a separately humorous creation seemed to me greater than its accidental importance as an imitative effort. Several other cases may be noticed elsewhere, in which I have thought it right to sacrifice any Editorial logicality of arrangement to the mere pleasure of my reader.

The "Rejected Addresses" were written on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre when it was rebuilt after a fire. The management had invited Addresses appropriate to the occasion; and the clever authors of the series published in October, 1812, gave what were supposed to be the unsuccessful efforts of various well-known writers. It is not a little amusing to read among them now the genuine effusion which one of the Parodists themselves submitted as his honest idea of what was appropriate to the ceremony. It was signed "S. T. P.," and according to the *Edinburgh Review* it exhibited no "very prominent trait of absurdity." That is the most that can be said for it to-day. The real Parodies, however, are on a very different level. Twenty years afterwards they were re-issued with every circumstance of appreciation, and their half-copyright was sold to Mr. Miller, a dramatic publisher, for a thousand pounds. I only mention this last point as an encouragement to those modern writers whose notice it may have escaped, and whose works, I think it may be justly said, are, in at least one case, even superior in this line to the "Rejected Addresses" themselves.

Fourth among my few arbitrary divisions comes that devoted to Politics, in which Canning and Praed are obvious exemplars. Praed, indeed, seems to me so much more successful in this line than in his "society verses" that I have not inserted any of the latter. I have not devoted too

much space to political poems, inasmuch as they are more open than many other kinds of verse to the charge of a merely ephemeral appeal, and to the consequent necessity of the explanations which I have shunned as far as possible. But those I have inserted seem to me to possess a claim to merit entirely apart from the temporary interest of their immediate subject.

VI.

Lastly comes the Fifth Division of my Humorous Verse, which, if briefly characterised, might be said to contain all that could not be included in any of the first four divisions just described. Yet I should not desire it to be labelled as the miscellaneous refuge for every witty rhyme that is unworthy stricter classification. Its choice has been dictated by principles which will no doubt remain clearer to myself than to my readers, though the net result will, I trust, prove equally satisfactory to both. There is a kind of verse in which the poet "rattles on exactly as he'd talk," with all the effect of a pleasantly amusing conversation. As Byron says, who has described this too : –

"I don't know that there may be much ability
Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme ;
But there 's a conversational facility,
Which may round off an hour upon a time.
Of this I 'm sure at least, there 's no servility
In mine irregularity of chime,
Which rings what 's uppermost of new or hoary
Just as I feel the 'Improvisatore.'

"'Omnia vult *belle* Matho dicere—dic aliquando
Et *bene*, dic *neutrum*, dic aliquando *male*.'
The first is rather more than mortal can do;
The second may be sadly done or gaily;
The third is still more difficult to stand to;
The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily;
The whole together is what I could wish
To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

* * * * *

"We'll do our best to make the best on't:—March!
March my Muse! If you cannot fly, yet flutter;
And when you may not be sublime, be arch,
Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.
We surely may find something worth research:
Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,
While yet America was in her non-age."

However the generality hinted at may be defined, I am clear that the literature of any country would be poorer without it, and the life of any nation poorer still. It is not only that pure fun, and hearty laughter, is good for anyone. But we need an occasional contrast; and it is to our lighter poets that we should be grateful for an outlook upon life, and an addition to our stock of pleasurable emotions which is not easily undervalued. Mr. Austin Dobson has expressed a part of what I mean, if I may be permitted to take his lines as a suggestion of the feeling that is in my mind:—

"In our hearts is the Great One of Avon
Engraven;
And we climb the cold summits once built on
By Milton.

"But at times not the air that is rarest
Is fairest,
And we long in the valley to follow
Apollo.

"Then we drop from the heights atmospheric
To Herrick,
Or we pour the Greek honey, grown blander,
Of Landor;

"Or our cosiest nook in the shade is
Where Praed is,
Or we toss the light bells of the mocker
With Locker.

"Oh, the song where not one of the Graces
Tight-laces,—
Where we woo the sweet Muses not starchly,
But archly,—

"Where the verse, like a piper a-Maying,
Comes playing,—
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer
In answer,—

"It will last till men weary of pleasure
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter . . .
And after!"

But it would be unfair to say that we only appreciate our humorous poets as we should enjoy a saunter in the sunny meadows that spread beneath the snowy summits of Parnassus. They are rapidly proving their right to an especial position of their own, and to a proportionally large share of the public gratitude. There still exists, of course, the minor Bard who is content to raise a laugh merely by unexpected rhymes, or metrical

gymnastics, in efforts which he wishes us to accept as comic. But here and there a scholarly exception is to be found with a conception of his art which seems to indicate a very different ideal. The short line, the artful ending, the divided word—these are but humble weapons in his armoury. His epithets are never otiose, nor does he admit the least inversion: he files and chisels till the verse rings true. We consequently get something which is not merely amusing but also good in itself, something which may be worthily included in that exhortation "To Live Merrily and to Trust to Good Verses" which Herrick so long ago indited:—

"Now is the time for mirth
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
For to the flow'ry earth,
The golden pomp is come.

"The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

"Now reigns the Rose, and now
The Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolléd brow,
And my retorted hairs.

* * *

"Trust to good verses then;
They only will aspire
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i' th' funeral fire

"And when all bodies meet
In Lethe, to be drowned;
Then only numbers sweet,
With endless life are crowned."

The advance in our critical standards of all versification has perhaps involved a certain penalty upon the writer whose aim was once merely to raise a laugh, without much caring how he did it. Rightly or wrongly he is judged in a higher court now than was once the case. The smile he could once confidently anticipate does not appear. It is wholly from the point of view of the reader who is expected to smile that I have written these introductory pages, and have left the Poets to tell you, in their own words, what Mirth and Humour meant to them in verse. It is not mine to analyse their methods of production, or, with the fatal knowledge of the craftsman, to enlarge on the delights of sudden contrast, or of unexpected endings; on the perils of the elaborate understatement, and the no less elaborate exaggeration; on the triumphs of polysyllabic rhyming, or the subtle joys of melody. Yet I cannot dismiss the faculty of humorous verse-writing without a single observation. One of the greatest of our imaginative writers, Carlyle, was essentially a humourist. He could not endure the form of verse. Dickens possessed as much imagination, and more humour, though each was very different in its quality. He could only make his points in prose. Thackeray's poems are as delightful as his sketches. But neither are on the same level of art as his novels. The rich vein of poetry that was Sir Walter Scott's does not seem to have been so favourable as were his prose-works to the expression of the humour that is a characteristic of his personality. I am thus led to doubt whether Humorous Verse can ever be the chosen form of expression of the greatest intellects of any age, though they may frequently employ it as the momentary utterance of a thought to which it is appropriate. Yet the

nation which is without this form of literary art is almost certain to be lacking in the greater forms as well, and, at the very least, to be deprived of one of the best delights of social life.

Far from ever growing less, either in merit or in volume, Humorous Verse is, in my opinion, only in its infancy. For though competition has so sub-divided the field that trifles are occasionally fetched from far to tickle the palate of the jaded epicure, yet this very tendency has revealed an ever growing sphere in which the social and political critic may make merry over the constant differences between the Ideal and the Real, between human desires and human conditions; and I am inclined to agree with the suggestion that the most constant and lasting material for humour will be found in the numberless instances of incompatibility and inconsistency which a constantly advancing civilisation will discover in every branch of life and thought. Every new generation enjoys not merely its own experience of this, but also the remembrance of similar errors in the past. History itself is but the perpetual unmasking of one more or less grotesque illusion after another. So that, as the modern Humorous Poet has a greater choice of subject than any of his predecessors, so will his followers reap a still greater advantage from the lapse of time; and it is but just to conclude that the advance in style and treatment which is familiar to ourselves will be continued in ages that are scarcely likely to become less critical than ours.

Yet it is without any attempt whatever at suggesting a comparative standard of merits that I have made this little excursion into Humorous Verse. The gradual change in what has been accepted as humour has indeed been as interesting to me as

the evolution of what was considered to be fair criticism of Woman. But my chief motive has been the very simple and modest one of providing you with a book into which you may dip at intervals with the certainty of finding somewhere a solace for your most pessimistic feelings. I would choose for it that hour which Martial once claimed as his :—

> "Haec hora est tua, cum furit Lyaeus,
> Cum regnat rosa, cum madent capilli,
> Tunc me vel rigidi legant Catones :"

for this is not a volume to be read from cover to cover at a sitting, but a kindly comrade whose mood will never vary and whose first wish is to amuse.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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HUMOROUS VERSE

(I.)

CHAUNTECLEER AND PERTELOTE.

By GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A POVRE widwe, somdel stape in age
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, stonding in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir catel* and hir rente;
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren two.
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte Malle,
Ful sooty was hir bour†, and eek hir halle,
In which she eet ful many a sclendre meel.
Of poynaunt sauce hir neded never a deel,
No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir throte;
Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
Repleccioun ne made hir never syk;

* Property. † Inner room.

Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,
And exercyse, and hertes suffisaunce.
The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,
N'apoplexye shente* nat hir heed;
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne reed;
Hir bord was served most with whyt and blak,
Milk and broun breed, in which she fond no lak,
Seynd† bacoun, and somtyme an ey‡ or tweye,
For she was as it were a maner deye.§
A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chauntecleer,
In al the land of crowing nas his peer.
His vois was merier than the mery orgon
On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer‖ was his crowing in his logge,¶
Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge.
By nature knew he ech ascencioun
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben amended.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal.
His bile was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;
His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevene hennes, for to doon al his plesaunce,
Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte
Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,

* Injured. † Broiled. ‡ Egg.
§ Sort of Dairy-woman. ‖ Surer. ¶ Resting-place.

Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,
That trewely she hath the herte in hold
Of Chauntecleer loken* in every lith ;†
He loved hir so, that wel was him therwith.
But such a joye was it to here hem singe,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
In swete accord, "my lief‡ is faren in londe."
For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

* * * * *

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his toos,
Strecching his nekke, and heeld his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe loude for the nones ;
And daun§ Russel the fox sterte up at ones,
And by the gargat‖ hente Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode him beer,
For yet ne was ther no man that him sewed.¶
O destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed !
Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the bemes !
Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes !
And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.
O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,
Sin that thy servant was this Chauntecleer,
And in thy service dide al his poweer,
More for delyt, than world to multiplye,
Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to dye?

* * * * *

But Sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighte,
Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,
Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,
And that the Romayns hadde brend Cartage ;
She was so ful of torment and of rage,
That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,
And brende hir-selven with a stedfast herte.
O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,

* Locked up. † Limb. ‡ Dear.
§ Dan = Sir. ‖ Throat. ¶ Pursued.

As, whan that Nero brende the citee
Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,
For that hir housbondes losten alle hir lyves;
Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.
Now wol I torne to my tale agayn:—
This sely widwe,* and eek hir doghtres two,
Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten they anoon,
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away;
And cryden, "Out! harrow!† and weylaway!
Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland,
And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
So were they fered for berking of the dogges
And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.
They yelleden as feendes doon in helle;
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle;
The gees for fere flowen over the trees;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a! *benedicite!*
Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,‡
Ne made never shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broghten bemes, and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and pouped,
And therwithal they shryked and they houped;
It semed as that heven sholde falle.
Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle!
Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy!

* Simple. † Haro. ‡ Company.

This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
And seyde, "sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis gode helpe me),
Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!
A verray pestilence up-on yow falle!
Now am I come un-to this wode syde,
Maugree your heed, the cok shal heer abyde;
I wol him ete in feith, and that anon."—
The fox answerde, "in feith it shal be don,"—
And as he spak that word, al sodienly
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.

* * * * *

JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.

By JOHN STILL.

I CANNOT eat but little meat;
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
And little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."

Back and side, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side, etc.

THE COMPLAINT OF A RUSTIC AGAINST THE CLERGY.

By JOHN SKELTON.

WHAT can it avail
To drive forth a snail?
Or to make a sail
Of a herring's tail?
To rhyme or to rail,
To write or to indite,
Either for delight,
Or else for despite.
Or books to compile
Of divers manners style
Vice to revile
And sin to exile?
To teach and to preach
As reason will reach?
Say this and say that:—
"His head is so fat,
He wotteth never what,
Nor whereof he speaketh:
He cried and he creaketh,
He pryeth and he peeketh,

He chides and he chatters,
He prates and he patters,
He clitters and he clatters,
He meddles and he smatters,
He gloses and he flatters."
Or if he speak plain,
Then,—"He lacketh brain,
He is but a fool,
Let him go to school
On a three-foot stool
That he may down sit,
For he lacketh wit."

* * *

And, if ye stand in doubt,
Who brought this rhyme about,
My name is Colin Clout:
I purpose to shake out
All my cunning-bag
Like a clerkly hag.
For though my rhyme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged.
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith,
It hath in it some pith.
For, as far as I can see,
It is wrong with each degree:
For the Temporality
Accuseth the Spirituality;
The Spiritual again
Doth grudge and complain
Upon temporal men.
Thus each the other blother
The t'one against the t'other;
Alas, they make me shudder!
For in hudder-mudder
The Church is put in faut;

The prelates been so haut,
They say, and look so high
As though they would fly
Above the starry sky.

.

And while the heads do this,
The remenant is amiss
Of the clergy all
Both great or small.
I wot never how they wark,
But thus the people bark,
And surely thus they say:—
Bishops if they may
Small houses would keep.
But slumber forth and sleep
And assay to creep
Within the noble walls
Of the kingés halls,
To fat their bodies full,
Their soulés lean and dull,
And have full little care
How evil their sheep fare.

.

Yet take they cure of souls
And wottoth never what they read,
Paternoster, Ave nor Creed,
Construe not worth a whistle
Neither Gospel nor 'Pistle,
Their matins madly said,
Nothing devoutly prayed;
Their learning is so small,
Their primes and hourés fall
And leap out of their lips
Like saw-dust or dry chips.
I speak not now of all,
But the most part in general.

.

A priest without a letter,
Without his virtue be greater,
Doubtless were much better
Upon him for to take
A mattock or a rake.
Alas, for very shame!
Some cannot decline their name;
Some cannot scarcely read,
And yet he will not dread
For to keep a cure.

.

Thus I, Colin Clout,
As I go about,
And wandering as I walk,
I hear the people talk.

SIR PENNY.

(ANON.)

IN earth it is a little thing,
And reigns as a riché king,
Where he is lent in land:
Sir Penny is his name call'd:
He makes both young and old
Bow unto his hand.

Popes, kings, and emperors,
Bishops, abbots, and priors,
Parson, priest, and knight,
Dukes, earls, and each baroún,
To serve him they are full boon
Both by day and night.

He may buy both heaven and hell,
And each thing that is to sell,
In earth has he such grace:
He may loose and he may bind,

The poor are aye put behind
Where he comes in place.

Where strife was Penny makes peace,
Of all anger he may release,
In land where he will lend;
Of foes may he make friendés sad,
Of counsel there them never be rad*
That may have him to friend.

Penny is a good felláw
Men welcome him in deéd and saw,†
Come he never so oft;
He is not welcom'd as a guest,
But evermore served with the best,
And made to sit full soft.

Sir Penny may full mickle avail,
To them that has need of counsáil,
As seen is in assize:
He lengthens life, and saves from dead.—
But love it not overwell, I rede
For sin of covetise!

If thou have hap treasúre to win,
Delight thee not too mickle therein,
Nor careless thereof be:
But spend it as well as thou can,
So that thou love both God and man
In perfect charity.

God grant us grace with heart and will,
The goods that he has given us till
Well and wisely to spend;
And so our lives here for to lead,
That we may have his bliss to meed,
Ever without end.

* Void. † Words.

I HAD BOTH MONEY AND A FRIEND.

(ANON.)

I HAD both money and a friend,
Of neither though no store;
I lent my money to my friend,
And took his bond therefor.

I asked my money of my friend,
But nought save words I got;
I lost my money to keep my friend,
For sue him would I not.

But then if money come,
And friend again were found,
I would lend no money to my friend,
Upon no kind of bond.

But, after this, for money cometh
A friend with pawn to pay,
But when the money should be had,
My friend used such delay,

That need of money did me force,
My friend his pawn to sell,
And so I got my money, but
My friend then from me fell.

Since bond for money lent my friend,
Nor pawn assurance is,
But that my money or my friend,
Thereby I ever miss;

If God send money and a friend,
As I have had before,
I will keep my money and save my friend,
And play the fool no more.

THE LONDON LACKPENNY.

By JOHN LYDGATE.

TO London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in no wise should be faint;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith went,
To a man of Law to make complaint.
I said, "For Mary's love, that holy saint,
Pity the poor that would proceed!"
But for lack of money, I could not speed.

And, as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance my hood was gone;
Yet for all that I stayed not long
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the Judge I kneeled anon
And prayed him for God's sake take heed.
But for lack of money, I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clerks a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent;
There stood up one and cried about
"Richard, Robert, and John of Kent!"
I wist not well what this man meant,
He cried so thickly there indeed.
But he that lacked money might not speed.

To the Common Pleas I yode tho,*
There sat one with a silken hood:
I 'gan him reverence for to do,
And told my case as well as I could;
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood;
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
Before the clerks of the Chancery;

* Went then.

Where many I found earning of pence;
But none at all once regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knee;
They liked it well when they had it read;
But, lacking money, I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one,
Which went in a long gown of ray;*
I crouched and knelt before him; anon,
For Mary's love, for help I him pray.
"I wot not what thou mean'st," 'gan he say;
To get me thence he did me bid,
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught although I should die;
Which seing, I gat me out of the door;
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,—
"Master, what will you copen or buy?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

To Westminster Gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime;
Cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine;
A fairé cloth they 'gan for to spread,
But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize;
"Hot peascodés!" one began to cry;
"Strawberries ripe!" and "Cherries in the rise!"†
One bade me come near and buy some spice;
Pepper and saffron they 'gan me bede;‡
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

* Striped cloth. † Bough. ‡ Offer.

Then to the Cheap I 'gan me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn;
Another he taketh me by the hand,
"Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land";
I never was used to such things indeed;
And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London stone,
Throughout all the Canwick street;
Drapers much cloth me offered anon;
Then comes me one cried, "Hot sheep's feet!"
One cried "Mackarel!" "Rushes green!" another 'gan greet;
One bade me buy a hood to cover my head;
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me into East Cheap:
One cries "Ribs of beef and many a pie!"
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harpé, pipe, and minstrelsy:
"Yea, by cock!" "Nay, by cock!" some began cry;
Some sung of "Jenkin and Julian" for their meed;
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode
Where there was much stolen gear among;
I saw where hung my owné hood,
That I had lost among the throng:
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
I knew it as well as I knew my creed;
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The Taverner took me by the sleeve;
"Sir," saith he, "will you our wine assay?"
I answered, "That cannot much me grieve;
A penny can do no more than it may."

I drank a pint, and for it did pay ;
Yet, sore a-hungered from thence I yede ;
And, wanting money, I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billings-gate,
And one cried, "Ho ! go we hence !"
I prayed a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would sparé me my expense.
"Thou 'scap'st not here," quoth he, "under twopence ;
I list not yet bestow any almsdeed."
Thus, lacking money, I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent ;
For of the law would I meddle no more.
Because no man to me took intent,
I dight me to do as I did before.
Now Jesus that in Bethlehem was bore,
Save London and send true lawyers their meed !
For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

THE CONFESSION OF GOLIAS.

Translated by J. A. Symonds.

Boiling in my spirit's veins
With fierce indignation,
From my bitterness of soul
Springs self-revelation :
Framed am I of flimsy stuff,
Fit for levitation,
Like a thin leaf which the wind
Scatters from its station.

While it is the wise man's part
With deliberation
On a rock to base his heart's
Permanent foundation,

With a running river I
 Find my just equation,
Which beneath the self-same sky
 Hath no habitation.

Carried am I like a ship
 Left without a sailor,
Like a bird that through the air
 Flies where tempests hale her;
Chains and fetters hold me not,
 Naught avails a jailor;
Still I find my fellows out,
 Toper, gamester, railer.

To my mind all gravity
 Is a grave subjection;
Sweeter far than honey are
 Jokes and free affection.
All that Venus bids me do,
 Do I with erection,
For she ne'er in heart of man
 Dwelt with dull dejection.

Down the broad road do I run,
 As the way of youth is;
Snare myself in sin, and ne'er
 Think where faith and truth is;
Eager far for pleasure more
 Than soul's health, the sooth is,
For this flesh of mine I care,
 Seek not ruth where ruth is.

Prelate, most discreet of priests,
 Grant me absolution!
Dear's the death whereof I die,
 Sweet my dissolution;

For my heart is wounded by
Beauty's soft suffusion;
All the girls I come not nigh,
Mine are in illusion.

Tis most arduous to make
Nature's self surrender;
Seeing girls, to blush and be
Purity's defender!
We young men our lodgings ne'er
Shall to stern law render,
Or preserve our fancies from
Bodies smooth and tender.

Who, when into fire he falls,
Keeps himself from burning?
Who within Pavia's walls
Fame of chaste is earning?
Venus with her finger calls
Youths at every turning,
Snares them with her eyes, and thralls
With her amorous yearning.

If you brought Hippolitus
To Pavia Sunday,
He'd not be Hippolitus
On the following Monday;
Venus there keeps holiday
Every day as one day;
'Mid these towers in no tower dwells
Venus Verecunda.

In the second place I own
To the vice of gaming:
Cold indeed outside I seem,
Yet my soul is flaming:
But when once the dice-box hath
Stripped me to my shaming,
Make I songs and verses fit
For the world's acclaiming.

In the third place, I will speak
Of the tavern's pleasure;
For I never found nor find
There the least displeasure;
Nor shall find it till I greet
Angels without measure,
Singing requiems for the souls
In eternal leisure.

In the public-house to die
Is my resolution;
Let wine to my lips be nigh
At life's dissolution;
That will make the angels cry,
With glad elocution,
"Grant this toper, God on high,
Grace and absolution!"

With the cup the soul lights up,
Inspirations flicker;
Nectar lifts the soul on high
With its heavenly ichor:
To my lips a sounder taste
Hath the tavern's liquor
Than the wine a village clerk
Waters for the vicar.

Nature gives to every man
Some gift serviceable;
Write I never could nor can
Hungry at the table;
Fasting, any stripling to
Vanquish me is able;
Hunger, thirst, I liken to
Death that ends the fable.

Nature gives to every man
Gifts as she is willing;
I compose my verses when
Good wine I am swilling.

Wine the best for jolly guest
Jolly hosts are filling ;
From such wine rare fancies fine
Flow like dews distilling.

Such my verse is wont to be
As the wine I swallow ;
No ripe thoughts enliven me
While my stomach's hollow ;
Hungry wits on hungry lips
Like a shadow follow,
But when once I'm in my cups,
I can beat Apollo.

Never to my spirit yet
Flew poetic vision
Until first my belly had
Plentiful provision ;
Let but Bacchus in the brain
Take a strong position,
Then comes Phœbus flowing in
With a fine precision.

There are poets, worthy men,
Shrink from public places,
And in lurking-hole or den
Hide their pallid faces ;
There they study, sweat, and woo
Pallas and the Graces,
But bring nothing forth to view
Worth the girls' embraces.

Fasting, thirsting, toil the bards,
Swift years flying o'er them ;
Shun the strife of open life,
Tumults of the forum ;
They, to sing some deathless thing,
Lest the world ignore them,
Die the death, expend their breath,
Drowned in full decorum.

Lo! my frailties I've betrayed,
Shown you every token,
Told you what your servitors
Have against me spoken;
But of these men each and all
Leave their sins unspoken,
Though they play, enjoy to-day,
Scorn their pledges broken.

Now within the audience-room
Of this blessèd prelate,
Sent to hunt out vice, and from
Hearts of men expel it;
Let him rise, nor spare the bard,
Cast at him a pellet:
He whose heart knows not crime's smart,
Show my sin and tell it!

I have uttered openly
All I knew that shamed me,
And have spued the poison forth
That so long defamed me;
Of my old ways I repent,
New life hath reclaimed me;
God beholds the heart—'twas man
Viewed the face and blamed me.

Goodness now hath won my love,
I am wroth with vices;
Made a new man in my mind,
Lo, my soul arises!
Like a babe new milk I drink
Milk for me suffices,
Lest my heart should longer be
Filled with vain devices.

Thou Elect of fair Cologne,
Listen to my pleading!
Spurn not thou the penitent;
See, his heart is bleeding!

Give me penance! what is due
For my faults exceeding
I will bear with willing cheer,
All thy precepts heeding.

Lo, the lion, king of beasts,
Spares the meek and lowly;
Towards submissive creatures he
Tames his anger wholly.
Do the like, ye powers of earth,
Temporal and holy!
Bitterness is more than's right
When 'tis bitter solely.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

By Barnaby Googe.

The oft'ner seen, the more I lust,
The more I lust, the more I smart,
The more I smart, the more I trust,
The more I trust, the heavier heart,
The heavy heart breeds mine unrest,
Thy absence therefore I like best.

The rarer seen, the less in mind,
The less in mind, the lesser pain,
The lesser pain, less grief I find,
The lesser grief, the greater gain,
The greater gain, the merrier I,
Therefore I wish thy sight to fly.

The further off, the more I joy,
The more I joy, the happier life,
The happier life, less hurts annoy,
The lesser hurts, pleasure most rife,
Such pleasures rife shall I obtain
When distance doth depart us twain.

KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

(ANON.)

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne.
With horne, and eke with bowe ;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come riding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow hide,
And a mare of four shilling.

" Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye ;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

" God speede, God speede thee," said our king.
" Thou art welcome, Sir," sayd hee.
" The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shew to mee."

" To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

"This is an unreadye waye," sayd our king,
"Thou doest but jest, I see;
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee."

"Awaye with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner:
"I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett."

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde,
"Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king,
"And send them well to priefe."
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

"What art thou," hee sayd, "thou fine fellòwe,
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the clothes thou wearest upon thy back,
Might beseeme a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, Sir, by the roode."
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midds of thy goode."

"What tydinges heare you," sayd the kynge,
"As you ryde farre and neare?"
"I heare no tydinges, Sir, by the masse,
But that cow-hides are deare."

"Cow-hides! cow-hides! what things are those?
I marvell what they bee?"
'What, art thou a foole?" the tanner reply'd;
"I carry one under mee."

"What craftsman are thou," said the king,
"I praye thee tell me trowe."
"I am a barker, Sir, by my trade;
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, Sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne."

"Marrye heaven forfend," the tanner replyde,
"That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
By fortye shilling a yere."

"Yet one thinge wolde I," sayd our king,
"If thou wilt not seeme strange:
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change."

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
I will have some boot of thee."

"That were against reason," sayd the king,
"I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see."

"Yea, Sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and theare."

"What boote wilt thou have?" our king reply'd;
"Now tell me in this stound."
"Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white money,
Sith thou will have it of mee."
"I would have sworne now," quoth the tanner,
"Thou hadst not had one pennie.

"But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide."

"I will not have it," sayd the kynge,
"I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foul cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee."

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

When the tanner he was in the kynges sadèlle,
And his foote in the stirrup was;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast:
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye brast.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,
"With mee he shall not byde."
"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

"Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

"What boote wilt thou have?" the tanner replyd,
"Nowe tell me in this stounde."
"Noe pence nor half pence, Sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loud and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

"Nowe, out alas!" the tanner he cryde,
"That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replyde,
"I sweare, soe mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèe
Here come to hunt with mee."

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

"A coller, a coller, here:" sayd the king,
"A coller," he loud gan crye:
Then woulde he lever than twentye pound,
He had not beene so nighe.

"A coller, a coller," the tanner he sayd,
"I trowe it will breed sorrowe:
After a coller cometh a halter,
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe."

"Be not afraid, tanner," said our king
"I tell thee, so mought I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the North countrie.

"For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide."

"Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde,
"For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen."

THE DEVIL'S INQUEST.

By WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THIS night in my sleep I was aghast;
Methought the Devil was tempting fast
The people with oaths of cruelty;
Saying, as through the market he pass'd,
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

Methought, as he went through the way
A priest sweir't broad, "By God, very,"
While at the altar received he.
"Thou art my clerk," the Devil 'gan say,
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

Then swore a courtier, mickle of pride,
"By Christé's wounds, bloody and wide,
And by His harms was rent on tree."
Then spake the Devil, hard him beside,
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A merchant, his gear as he did sell,
Renounced his part of heaven for hell.
The Devil said, "Welcome may thou be;
Thou shall be merchant for mysei';
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A goldsmith said, "The gold is so fine,
That all the workmanship I tyne;
The fiend receive me if I lie."
"Think on," quoth the Devil, "that thou art mine;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A tailor said, "In all this town
Be there a better well-make gown,
I give me to the fiend all free."
"Gramercy, tailor," said Mahoun,
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A soutar said, "In good effec',
Nor I be hanged by the neck,
If better boots of leather there be."
"Fy!" quoth the fiend, "thou smells of black;
Go cleanse thee clean, and come to me."

A baker said, "I forsake God,
And all His works, even and odd,
If fairer bread there needs to be."
The Devil laugh'd, and on him could nod,
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A flesher swore by the sacrament,
And by Christ's blood most innocent,
"Ne'er fatter flesh saw man with e'e."
The Devil said, "Hold on thy intent,
Renounce thy God and come to me."

The maltman says, "I God forsake
And may the Devil of hell me take,
If any better malt may be;
And of this kill I have inlaik."*
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A brewster swore the malt was ill,
Both red and reekit on the kill,
That it will be no ale for me;
One boll will not six gallons fill:
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

"By God's blood," quoth the taverner,
"There is such wine in cellar,
Has never come in this country."
"Tut!" quoth the Devil, "thou sells o'er dear
Renounce thy God and come to me."

The smith swore by rood and raip,
"Into a gallows might I gaip,
If I ten days won pennies three,
For with that craft I cannot thraip."†
"Renounce thy God and come to me."

A minstrel said, "The fiend me rive,
If I do ought but drink and swyfe;"‡
The Devil said, "Then I counsel thee,
Exerc'se that craft in all they life;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A dicer said, with words of strife,
The Devil might stick him with a knife,

* Deficiency. † Thrive. ‡ Sing.

But he cast up fair sixes three;
The Devil said, "Ended is thy life:
Renounce thy God and come to me."

A thief said, "God that ever I 'scape,
Nor ane stark halter gar me gaip,
But I in hell for gear would be."
The Devil said, "Welcome to a raip,
Renounce thy God and come to me."

The fishwives flett,* and swore with groans,
And to the Fiend, soul, flesh, and bones,
They gave them, with a shout on high.
The Devil said, "Welcome all at once;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

The rest of craftés great oaths sware,
Their work and craft had no compare,
Each one unto their quality.
The Devil said, "Then, withouten mair;
Renounce thy God and come to me."

TALE OF THE UPLAND MOUSE AND THE BURGESS MOUSE.

By Robert Henryson.

Esop, mine author, makés mention
Of two mice, and they were sisters dear,
Of whom the eldest dwelt in a borough's town;
The other dwelléd upon land, well near,
Right solitary, whiles under brush and briar,
Whiles in the corn, and other men's scaithe,
As outlaws does and livés on their waith.

* Scolded.

This rural mouse in all the winter tide,
Had hunger, cold, and suffered great distress ;
The other mouse that in the burgh can bide,
Was gild-brother and made a free burgess ;
Toll free also, from custom more or less,
And freedom had to go where'er she list,
Among the cheese in ark, and meal in chest.

One time when she was full and not foot-sair,
She took in mind her sister upon land,
And longéd for to hear of her welfare,
To see what life she had under the wand ;
Barefoot alone, with pikestaff in her hand,
As poor pilgrim she passéd out of town,
To seek her sister both o'er dale and down.

.

The hearty joy, Lord God ! if ye had seen,
Was showén when that these two sisters met ;
And great kindness was showén them between,
For whiles they laugh, and whiles for joy they gret
Whiles kissed sweet, and whiles in armes plet ; *
And thus they fare till sobered was their mood,
Then foot for foot unto the chamber yude.

When they were lodged thus, these silly mice,
The youngest sister into her buttery hied,
And brought forth nuts and pease instead of spice ;
If this was good fare, I put it to them beside.
The burgess mouse burst forth in pride,
And said, "Sister is this your daily food?"
"Why not," quoth she, "is not this meat right good?"

.

"Let be this hole, and come into my place,
I shall to you show my experience,

* Folded.

My good Friday is better nor your Pace;
My dish washings is worth your whole expense;
I have houses enow of great defence;
Of cat or fall tray, I have no dread."
"I grant," quoth she; and on together they hied.

In stubble array through rankest grass and corn,
And under bushes privily could they creep,
The eldest was the guide and went beforn,
The younger to her wayés took good keep.
At night they ran, and in the day can sleep;
Till in the morning ere the Laverock sang,
They found the town, and in blithely could gang.

.

After when they disposed were to dine,
Withouten grace they wash'd, and went to meat,
With all the courses that cooks could define,
Mutton and beef laid out in slices great;
And lordés fare thus could they counterfeit,
Except one thing, they drank the water clear
Instead of wine, but yet they made good cheer.

With blythe upcast and merry countenance,
The eldest sister asked of her guest,
If that she by reasón found difference
Betwixt that chamber and her sorry nest?
"Yea damé," quoth she, "how long will this lest?"
"For evermore, I wot, and longer too."
"If that be so you are at ease," quoth she.

.

Thus made they merry till they might na mair,
And, Hail, yule, hail! criéd upon hie;
Yet, after joy ofttimés comés care,
And trouble after great prosperity:

Thus as they sat in all their jollity,
The Spenser came with keyés in his hand,
Opened the door, and them at dinner fand.

They tarried not to wash as I suppose,
But on to go who that might foremost win.
The burgess had a hole, and in she goes,
Her sister had no hole to hide her in.
To see that silly mouse, it was great sin,*
So desolate and wild of all good reid,
For very dread she fell in swoon near dead.

But as God would, it fell a happy case,
The Spenser had no leisure for to bide,
Neither to seek nor search, to scare nor chase,
But on he went and left the door up wide.
The bold burgess his passing well had spied,
Out of her hole she came, and cried on hie,
"How fare ye, sister; cry 'Peip,' where e'er ye be?

.

"Why lie ye thus? rise up my sister dear:
Come to your meat, this peril is over past."
The other answered her with heavy cheer,
"I may not eat, so sore I am aghast;
I had liever these forty dayés fast,
With water kail, and to gnaw beans or pease,
Than all your feast, in this dread and disease.

.

"Where I in to the home that I came fro',
For weil or woe, I should ne'er come again."
With that she took her leave and forth 'gan go,
Whiles through the corn, and whiles through the plain,
When she was forth and free, she was full fain,
And merrily merkit† unto the moor;
I can not tell how afterward she fure.

* Pity. † Trotted.

But I heard say she passéd to her den.
As warm as wool, suppose it was not great,
Full bonnily stuffed was both but and ben,
Of beans and nuts, and pease, and rye, and wheat
When ever she list she had enough to eat,
In quiet and ease, withouten any dread,
But to her sister's feast no more she gaed.

MORAL.

.

Blessed with simple life withouten dreid;
Blessed be sober feast in quieté;
Who has enough, of no more has he need,
Though it be little into quantity.
Great aboundance, and blind prosperity,
Ofttimës make an evil conclusion;
The sweetest life, therefore, in this country,
Is of security, with small possession.

AMENDS TO THE TAILORS AND SOUTARS.

By William Dunbar.

Betwixt twal' hours and eleven,
I dreamed an angel came fra heaven,
With pleasant stevin,* saying on hie,
Tailors and Soutars,† blest be ye!

In heaven high ordained is your place,
Above all saints in great soláce,
Next God, greatest in dignity:
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye!

The cause to you is not unkend,
What God mismakes ye do amend,
By craft and great agility:
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye!

* Sound. † Cobblers.

Soutars, with shoes well made and meet,
Ye mend the faults of ill-made feet;
Wherefore to Heaven your souls will flee;
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye!

.

And Tailors, with well-made clothes,
Can mend the worst-made man that goes,
And make him seemly for to see:
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye!

Though God made a misfashioned man,
Ye can him all shape new again,
And fashion him better be sic three:
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye!

Though a man have a broken back,
Have ye a good crafty tailor, what rack* !—
That can it cover with crafts slee:
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye!

Of God great kindness ye may claim,
That helps his people frae crook and lame,
Supporting faults with your supplie:
Tailors and Soutars, blest be ye!

In earth ye kyth† such miracles here,
In Heaven ye shall be Saints full clear,
Though ye be knaves in this countrie:
Tailors and Soutars blest be ye!

A CARMAN'S ACCOUNT OF A LAW-SUIT.

By Sir David Lindesay.

Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch home coals,
And he her drownéd into the quarry holes;
And I ran to the Consistory, for to 'plain,

* Matter. † Produce.

And there I happened among a greedy meine.*
They gave me first a thing they call Citandum;
Within eight days, I got but Libellandum;
Within a month, I got Ad oppenendum;
In half a year, I got Interloquendum;
And then I got—how call ye it?—Ad replicandum.
But I could never one word yet understand them;
And then, they caused me cast out many placks,
And made me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
But, ere they came half gait to Concludendum,
The fiend one plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me two years, with their train,
Then, hodie ad octo, bad me come again,
And then, these rooks, they roupit† wonder fast,
For sentence silver, they criéd at the last.
Of Pronunciandum they made me wonder fain;
But I got never my good grey mare again.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

By King James V. of Scotland.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat;
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.

* Company. † Croaked.

He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa thegither were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang.
And O, quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw and ladylike,
And awa' wi' thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plo
They rose a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane!
Some ran to coffer and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist;
She danced her lane, cry'd Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and the milk to earn,
Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant ga'ed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife did say,
She's aff with the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be burnt and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was mad, and out o' her wit,
She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

Meantime far 'hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou';
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall me merry and sing.

A TERNARY OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY.

By ROBERT HERRICK.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil;
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head;
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float;
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

ON THE OXFORD CARRIER.

By JOHN MILTON.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time

And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
Ease was his chief disease; and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come.
And lack of load made his life burdensome.
That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were press'd to death, he cried, "More
weight;"
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wane was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all, and gone,
Only remains the superscription.

AN

EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

BURLEIGH, MAY 14, 1689.

SIR,

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here antichrist,

The Spanish king presents a jennet,
To show his love ;—That's all that's in it :
For if his holiness would thump
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
He might b' equipt from his own stable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as with Gondolas, and men, his
Good excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the gulf a ring ;
Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance :
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold, than he.
Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For popish similes beyond sea ;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent ;
Present a turkey, or a hen,
To those might better spare them ten :
Ev'n so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect, and not show wit :
Nor look askew at what it saith ;
There's no petition in it,—'Faith.
Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why ;
But I conceive, such folks are quite in
Mistakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head ;
I argue thus : the world agrees
That he writes well, who writes with ease :
That he, by sequel logical,

Writes best, who never thinks at all.
Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't
The God, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence when anatomists discourse,
How like brutes' organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit;
And that for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.
Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the God, meanwhile, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging:
The wooden head resolv'd the question;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.
Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know; and teach us,
That God makes not the poet; but
The thesis, vice-versâ put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
And means, the Poet makes the God.
Egyptian gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Roman bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its paniety.
That when you poets swear and cry,
The God inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the colic in your belly:
That writing is but just like dice;
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the centre,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But granting matters should be spoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger styles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's:
But never could be meant to tie
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are try'd in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding;
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer;
But leap pro libitu, and scout
On horse call'd hobby, or without:
So when at school we first declaim,
Old Busby walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate;
In verse or prose, we write or chat,
Not six-pence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
Tonson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;
I hope y' are well; so God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at first to write:
But things, since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high;
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half hour.
So at pure barn of loud Non-con,

Where with my grannam I have gone,
When Lobb had sifted all his text,
And I well-hop'd the pudding next;
NOW TO APPLY has plagued me more,
Than all his villain cant before.
For your religion, first, of her
Your friends do sav'ry things aver:
They say, she's honest, as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant, nor stum'd with merit:
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When lay-man herds with man divine:
For if their fame be justly great,
Who would no Popish nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios Protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private:
And will, for England's glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
And keep your places till you die.
For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you;
Let me just tell you how my time is
Past in a country-life.—Imprimis,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
So on, till foresaid God does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,

With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find,
Are, they that did their work, and din'd.
The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have whilom conn'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' rights in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
As well almost, as count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters;
Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.
Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits, that fleer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slily put them off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The rest,—when fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart.
Thus, without much delight, or grief,
I fool away an idle life;
Till Shadwell from the town retires,
(Chok'd up with fame and sea-coal fires,)
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric;
Then hey for praise and panegyric;
Justice restor'd and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

THE CHAMELEON.

By Matthew Prior.

As the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight:
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled upon him, and his heir male;
So the young squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's:
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down;
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad;
Admits him in among the gang:
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face:
He drinks his coffee without lace.
This week his mimic-tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit
He loves cheap port, and double bub

And settles in the hum-drum club :
He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;
Holds poverty the greatest vice ;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation ;
And says that learning spoils a nation.
But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champagne among the wits ;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses ;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses ;
Is in the chair ; prescribes the law ;
And lies with those he never saw.

A SIMILE.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop ?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage ?
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top ?—
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs :
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble songs, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods ;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound ;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

BIBO AND CHARON.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you
died.



(II.)

THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE.

By GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Of the Bad opinion of Women held by learned Clerks, and of the Wife of Bath her Fifth Husband.

THE children of Mercurie and of Venus
Been in hir wirking ful contrarious;
Mercurie loveth wisdom and science,
And Venus loveth ryot and dispence.
And, for hir diverse disposicioun,
Ech falleth in otheres exaltacioun;
And thus, god woot! Mercurie is desolat
In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat;
And Venus falleth ther Mercurie is reysed;
Therfore no womman of no clerk is preysed.
The clerk, whan he is old, and may noght do
Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho,
Than sit he doun, and writ in his dotage
That wommen can nat kepe hir mariage!
But now to purpos, why I tolde thee

That I was beten for a book, pardee.
Up-on a night Jankin, that was our syre,
Redde on his book, as he sat by the fyre,
Of Eva first, that, for hir wikkednesse,
Was al mankinde broght to wrecchednesse,
For which that Jesu Crist him-self was slayn
That boghte us with his herte-blood agayn.
Lo, here expres of womman may ye finde,
That womman was the los of al mankinde.

Tho redde he me how Sampson loste his heres
Slepinge, his lemman kitte hem with hir sheres;
Thurgh whiche tresoun loste he bothe his yën.

Tho redde he me, if that I shal nat lyen,
Of Hercules and of his Dianyre,
That caused him to sette himself a-fyre.

No-thing forgat he the penaunce and wo
That Socrates had with hise wyves two;
How Xantippa caste pisse up-on his heed;
This sely man sat stille, as he were deed;
He wyped his heed, namore dorste he seyn
But "er that thonder stinte, comth a reyn."

Of Phasipha, that was the quene of Crete,
For shrewednesse, him thoughte the tale swete;
Fy! spek na-more—it is a grisly thing—
Of hir horrible lust and hir lyking.

Of Clitemistra, for hir lecherye,
That falsy made hir housbond for to dye,
He redde it with ful good devocioun.

He tolde me eek for what occasioun
Amphiorax at Thebes loste his lyf;
Myn housbond hadde a legende of his wyf,
Eriphilem, that for an ouche of gold
Hath prively un-to the Grekes told
Wher that hir housbonde hidden him in a place,
For which he hadde at Thebes sory grace.

Of Lyma tolde he me, and of Lucye,
They bothe made hir housbondes for to dye;

That oon for love, that other was for hate ;
Lyma hir housbond, on an even late,
Empoysoned hath, for that she was his fo.
Lucya, likerous, loved hir housbond so,
That, for he sholde alwey up-on hir thinke,
She yaf him swich a maner love-drinke,
That he was deed, er it were by the morwe ;
And thus algates housbondes han sorwe.
Than tolde he me, how oon Latumius.
Compleyned to his felawe Arrius,
That in his gardin growed swich a tree,
On which, he seyde, how that his wyves three
Hanged hem-self for herte despitous.
"O leve brother," quod this Arrius,
"Yif me a plante of thilke blissed tree,
And in my gardin planted shal it be !"
Of latter date, of wyves hate he red,
That somme han slayn hir housbondes in hir bed,
And lete hir lechour dighte hir al the night
Whyl that the corps lay in the floor upright.
And somme han drive nayles in hir brayn
Whyl that they slepte, and thus they han hem slayn.
Somme han hem yeve poysoun in hir drinke.
He spak more harm than herte may bithinke.
And ther-with-al, he knew of mo proverbes
Than in this world ther growen gras or herbes.
"Bet is," quod he, "thyn habitacioun
Be with a leoun or a foul dragoun,
Than with a womman usinge for to chyde.
Bet is," quod he, "hye in the roof abyde
Than with an angry wyf doun in the hous ;
They been so wikked and contrarious ;
They haten that hir housbondes loveth ay."
He seyde, "a womman cast hir shame away,
Whan she cast of hir smok ;" and forthermo,
"A fair womman, but she be chaast also,

Is lyk a gold ring in a sowes nose."
Who wolde wenen, or who wolde suppose
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne?
And whan I saugh he wolde never fyne
To reden on this cursed book al night,
Al sodeynly three leves have I plight
Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke,
I with my fist so took him on the cheke,
That in our fyr he fil bakward adoun.
And he up-stirte as dooth a wood leoun,
And with his fist he smoot me on the heed,
That in the floor I lay as I were deed.
And when he saugh how stille that I lay,
He was agast, and wolde han fled his way,
Til atte laste out of my swogh* I breyde†:
"O! hastow slayn me, false theef?" I seyde,
"And for my land thus hastow mordred me?
Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee."
And neer he cam, and kneled faire adoun,
And seyde, "dere suster Alisoun,
As help me god, I shal thee never smyte;
That I have doon, it is thy-self to wyte‡.
Foryeve it me, and that I thee biseke"—
And yet eft-sones I hitte him on the cheke,
And seyde, "theef, thus muchel am I wreke;
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke."
But atte laste, with muchel care and wo,
We fille acorded, by us selven two.
He yaf me al the brydel in myn hond
To han the governance of hous and lond,
And of his tonge and of his hond also,
And made him brenne his book anon right tho.
And whan that I hadde geten un-to me,
By maistrie, al the soveraynetee,
And that he seyde, "myn owene trewe wyf,
Do as thee lust the terme of al thy lyf,

* Swoon. † Started. ‡ Blame.

Keep thyn honour, and keep eek myn estaat"—
After that day we hadden never debaat.
God help me so, I was to him as kinde
As any wyf from Denmark un-to Inde,
And also trewe, and so was he to me.

GOSSIP MINE.

(ANON.)

I WILL you tell a full good sport,
How gossips gather them on a sort,
Their sick bodies for to comfort,
When they meet in a lane or a street.

But I dare not for their displeasance,
Tell of these matters half the substance;
But yet somewhat of their governance,
As far as I dare I will declare.

"Good gossip mine, where have ye be?
It is so long since I you see!
Where is the best wine? tell you me:
Can you aught tell full well."

"I know a draught of merry-go-down,—
The best it is in all this town:
But yet I would not, for my gown,
My husband is wist,—ye may me trust.

Call forth your gossips by and by,—
Elinore, Joan and Margery,
Margaret, Alice, and Cecily,
For they will come both all and some.

And each of them will somewhat bring,—
Goose, pig, or capon's wing,
Pasties of pigeons, or some such thing:
For a gallon of wine they will not wring.

Go before by twain and twain,
Wisely, that ye be not seen ;
For I must home—and come again—
To wit, I wis, where my husband is.

A stripe or two God might send me,
If my husband might here me see."
" She that is afear'd, let her flee !"
Quoth Alice than, " I fear no man !

" Now be we in tavern set ;
A draught of the best let him fett,
To bring our husbands out of debt ;
For we will spend till God more send."

Each of them brought forth their dish :
Some brought flesh and some brought fish,
Quoth Margaret meek, " Now with a wish,
I would Anne were here — she would make us good cheer."

" How you say, gossips ? is that wine good ?"
" That it is," quoth Elinore, " by the rood !
It cherisheth the heart, and comforts the blood ;
Such junkets among shall make us live long."

" Anne, bid fill a pot of Muscadel,
For of all wines I love it well.
Sweet wines keep my body in hele ;
If I had of it nought, I should take great thought.

" Now look ye, gossip, at the board's head ?
Not merry, gossip ? God it amend !
All shall be well, else God it defend :
Be merry and glad, and sit not so sad."

" Would God I had done after your counsél !
For my husband is so fell,
He beateth me like the devil of hell ;
And, the more I cry, the less mercy."

Alice with a loud voice spake than :
"I wis," she said, "little good he can
That beateth or striketh any woman,
And specially his wife :—God give him short life !"

Margaret meek said, "So might I thrive,
I know no man, that is alive
That give me two strokes, he shall have five :
I am not afear'd, though I have no beard."

One cast down her shot, and went her way.
"Gossip," quoth Elinore, "what did she pay ?"
"Not but a penny." "Lo therefore I say
She shall be no more of our lore.

"Such guests we may have enow
That will not for their shot allow.
With whom come she ? Gossip, with you ?"
"Nay," quoth Joan, "I come alone."

"Now reckon our shot, and go we hence.
What ! cost it each of us but three pence ?
Pardie ! this is but a small expense
For such a sort, and all but sport.

"Turn down the street where ye came out,
And we will compass round-about."
"Gossip," quoth Anne, "what needeth that doubt?
Your husbands be pleased when ye be reised.

"Whatsoever any man think,
We come for nought but for good drink.
Now let us go home and wink ;
For it may be seen where we have been."

From the tavern be they all gone ;
And everich of them showeth her wisdom,
And there she telleth her husband anon
She had been at the church.

This is the thought that gossips take;
Once in the week, merry will they make,
And all small drink they will forsake,
But wine of the best shall have no rest.

Some be at the tavern once a week,
And so be some every day eke,
Or else they will groan and make them sick;
For things used will not be refused.

How say you, women, is it not so?
Yes surely, and that ye well know;
And therefore let us drink all a-row,
And of our singing make a good ending.

Now fill the cup, and drink to me,
And then shall we good fellows be:—
And of this talking leave will we,
And speak then good of women.

TRUST IN WOMEN.

(Anon.)

When these things following be done to our intent,
Then put women in trust and confident.

When nettles in winter bring forth roses red,
And all manner of thorn trees bear figs naturally,
And geese bear pearls in every mead,
And laurel bear cherries abundantly,
And oaks bear dates very plenteously,
And kisks* give of honey superfluence,
Then put women in trust and confidence

* Hemlock stalks.

When box bear paper in every land and town,
And thistles bear berries in every place,
And pikes have naturally feathers in their crown,
And bulls of the sea sing a good bass,
And men be the ships fishes trace,
And in women be found no insipience,
Then put them in trust and confidence.

When whitings do walk forests to chase harts,
And herrings their horns in forests boldly blow
And marmsets mourn in moors and lakes,
And gurnards shoot rooks out of a crossbow,
And goslings hunt the wolf to overthrow,
And sprats bear spears in armès of defence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When swine be cunning in all points of music,
And asses be doctors of every science,
And cats do heal men by practising of physic,
And buzzards to scripture give any credence,
And merchants buy with horn, instead of groats and pence,
And pyes be made poets for their eloquence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When sparrows build churches on a height,
And wrens carry sacks unto the mill,
And curlews carry timber houses to dight,
And fomalls bear butter to market to sell,
And woodcocks bear woodknives cranes to kill,
And greenfinches to goslings do obedience,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When crows take salmon in woods and parks,
And be take with swifts and snails,
And camels in the air take swallows and larks,
And mice move mountains by wagging of their tails,
And shipmen take a ride instead of sails,

And when wives to their husbands do no offence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

When antelopes surmount eagles in flight,
And swans be swifter than hawks of the tower,
And wrens set gos-hawks by force and might,
And muskets make verjuice of crabbes sour,
And ships sail on dry land, silt give flower,
And apes in Westminster give judgment and sentence,
Then put women in trust and confidence.

THE CLOWN'S COURTSHIP.

(ANON.)

QUOTH John to Joan, will thou have me ;
I prithee now, wilt ? and I'll marry thee,
My cow, my calf, my house, my rents,
And all my lands and tenements :
Oh, say, my Joan, will not that do ?
I cannot come every day to woo.

I've corn and hay in the barn hardby,
And three fat hogs pent up in the sty,
I have a mare and she is coal black,
I ride on her tail to save my back.
Then say, etc.

I have a cheese upon the shelf,
And I cannot eat it all myself;
I've three good marks that lie in a rag,
In a nook of the chimney, instead of a bag.
Then say, etc.

To marry I would have thy consent,
But faith I never could compliment ;
I can say nought but "Hoy, gee ho !"
Words that belong to the cart and the plough.
So say, my Joan, will not that do,
I cannot come every day to woo.

A NEW COURTLY SONNET, OF THE LADY GREENSLEEVES, TO THE NEW TUNE OF "GREENSLEEVES."

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight:
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously:
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company!
Greensleeves, etc.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave:
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
Greensleeves, etc.

I bought three kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept thee, both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.
Greensleeves, etc.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves, etc.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
With gold embroider'd gorgeously:
Thy petticoat of sendall right;
And this I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves, etc.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye:
No better wore the burgess' wives:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by;
Which made thee be our harvest queen:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

Thy garters fringed with the gold,
And silver aglets* hanging by;
Which made thee blithe for to behold:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee:
No lady ever was so brave:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

* Aiguillettes.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They serv'd thee with humility;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly;
To cheer thy stomach from all woes:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music, still to play and sing:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainest to love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

Well! I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
Greensleeves, etc.

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

By Robert Herrick.

No fault in women, to refuse
The offer which they most would choose.
No fault in women to confess
How tedious they are in their dress;
No fault in women, to lay on
The tincture of vermilion,
And there to give the cheek a dye
Of white, where Nature doth deny.
No fault in women, to make show
Of largeness, when they've nothing so;
When, true it is, the outside swells
With inward buckram, little else.
No fault in woman, though they be
But seldom from suspicion free;
No fault in womankind at all,
If they but slip, and never fall.

VALERIUS ON WOMEN.

By Thomas Heywood.

She that denies me I would have,
 Who craves me I despise:
Venus hath power to rule mine heart,
 But not to please mine eyes.

Temptations offered I still scorn;
 Denied, I cling them still;
I'll neither glut mine appetite,
 Nor seek to starve my will.

Diana, double-clothed, offends,
 So Venus, naked quite:
The last begets a surfeit, and
 The other no delight.

That crafty girl shall please me best,
 That no, for yea, can say,
And every wanton willing kiss
 Can season with a nay.

THE CHRONICLE. A BALLAD.

By Abraham Cowley.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita, first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsel ta'en:
 Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,
 Alternately they swayed:
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me,
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power,
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater conquests to find out:
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy.

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria:
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless, mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weather that befel)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me:
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Eleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

THE WAY TO KNOW A DAINTY DAPPER WENCH.

By Thomas Heywood.

Let her eye be clear, and her brow severe,
Her eyebrows thin and fine;
But if she be a punk, and love to be drunk
Then keep her still from the wine.

Let her stature be mean, and her body clean,
Thou can'st not choose but like her;

But see she ha' good clothes, with a fair Roman nose,
For that's the sign of a striker.

Let her legs be small but not used to sprawl,
Her tongue not too loud nor cocket;
Let her arms be strong and her fingers long,
But not used to dive in pocket.

Let her body be long, and her back be strong,
With a soft lip that entangles,
With an ivory breast, and hair well dressed
Without gold lace or spangles.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the light o' the moon
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow—
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer;
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer:

And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie* loot down nae milk;
He kirned, nor butter gat;
And a' gade wrang, and nought gade right;
He danced with rage, and grat;
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
A weary wife and sad,
And burst into a laughter loud,
And laughed as she'd been mad:
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon
And the green leaves on the tree,
If my wife should na win a penny a day
She's aye have her will for me.

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

(ANON.)

THE Laird of Roslin's daughter
Walk'd through the wood her lane;
And by cam Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
He said unto his serving man,
"Were't not against the law,
I wad tak her to my ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'."

* Cow with a crumpled horn.

"I am walking here alane," she says,
"Among my father's trees;
And you must let me walk alone,
Kind sir, now, if you please:
The supper bell it will be rung,
And I'll be miss'd awa;
Sae I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

He says, "My pretty lady,
I pray, lend me your hand,
And ye'll hae drums and trumpets
Always at your command;
And fifty men to guard you with,
That well their swords can draw;
Sae we'se baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Haud awa frae me," she said,
"And pray let gae my hand:
The supper bell it will be rung,
I can nae langer stand.
My father he will angry be
Gin I be miss'd awa;
Sae I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

Then said the pretty lady,
"I pray tell me your name?"
"My name is Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
Though thy father and his men were here,
O' them I'd have nae awe;
But wad tak you to my ain bed,
And lay you neist the wa'."

He lichtit aff his milk-white steed,
And set this lady on;

And a' the way he walk'd on foot,
 He held her by the hand.
He held her by the middle jimp,
 For fear that she should fa',
To tak her to his ain bed,
 And lay her neist the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house;
 His landlady lookèd ben:
Says, "Mony a pretty lady
 In Edinbruch I've seen;
But sic a lovely face as thine
 In it I never saw;
Gae mak her down a down-bed
 And lay her at the wa'."

"Oh haud away frae me," she says;
 "I pray you let me be;
I winna gang into your bed
 Till ye dress me dishes three:
Dishes three ye maun dress me,
 Gin I should eat them a',
Afore that I lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'

"It's ye maun get to my supper
 A cherry without a stane;
And ye maun get to my supper
 A chicken without a bane;
And ye maun get to my supper
 A bird without a ga';
Or I winna lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'."

"It's when the cherry is in the blume,
 I'm sure it has nae stane;
And when the chicken's in the egg,
 I wat it has nae bane;

And, sin' the flood o' Noah,
The doo she had nae ga';
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Oh haud your tongue, young man," she says,
"Nor that gate me perplex;
For ye maun tell me questions yet,
And that is questions six:
Questions six ye'll tell to me,
And that is three times twa,
Afore I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

"What's greener than the greenest grass?
What's hicher than the trees?
What's waur nor an ill woman's wish?
What's deeper than the seas?
What bird sings first? and whereupon
First doth the dew down fa'?
Ye sall tell afore I lay me doun,
Either at stock or wa'."

"Vergris is greener than the grass;
Heavens hicher than the trees;
The deil's waur nor a woman's wish;
Hell's deeper than the seas;
The cock crows first; on cedar tap
The dew down first doth fa';
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Oh haud your tongue, young man," she says,
"And gie your fleechin ower;
Unless ye find me ferlies,
And that is ferlies four;
Ferlies four ye maun find me,
And that is twa and twa;

Or I'll never lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

"It's ye maun get to me a plum
That in December grew;
And ye maun get a silk mantel,
That waft was ne'er ca'd through;
A sparrow's horn; a priest unborn,
This night to join us twa;
Or I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"My father he has winter fruit,
That in December grew;
My mother has an Indian gown,
That waft was ne'er ca'd through.
A sparrow's horn is quickly found
There's ane on every claw,
And twa upon the neb o' him;
And ye shall get them a'.

"The priest, he's standing at the door,
Just ready to come in;
Nae man can say that he was born,
Nae man, unless he sin;
A wild boar tore his mother's side,
He out o' it did fa';
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'll lie neist the wa'."

Little kenn'd Girzie Sinclair,
That morning when she rase,
That this wad be the hindermost
O' a' her maiden days.
But now there's no within the realm.
I think a blyther twa;
And they baith lie in ae bed,
And she lies neist the wa'.

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

By CHARLES COTTON.

How uneasy is his life,
Who is troubled with a wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind, with arms enfolding,
Be she cross, and always scolding,
Be she blithe or melancholy,
Have she wit, or have she folly,
Be she wary, be she squandering,
Be she staid, or be she wandering,
Be she constant, be she fickle,
Be she fire, or be she ickle;
Be she pious or ungodly,
Be she chaste, or what sounds oddly:
Lastly, be she good or evil,
Be she saint, or be she devil,—
Yet, uneasy is his life
Who is married to a wife.

MARRIAGE AND THE CARE O'T.

By ROBERT LOCHORE.

QUOTH Rab to Kate, My sonsy dear,
I've woo'd ye mair than ha' a-year,
An' if ye'd wed me ne'er cou'd speer,
Wi' blateness, an' the care o't.
Now to the point: sincere I'm wi't:
Will ye be my ha'f-marrow, sweet?
Shake han's, and say a bargain be't
An' ne'er think on the care o't.

Na, na, quo' Kate, I winna wed,
O' sic a snare I'll aye be rede;
How mony, thochtless, are misled
By marriage, an' the care o't!
A single life's a life o' glee,
A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me,
Frae toil an' sorrow I'll keep free,
An' a' the dool an' care o't.

Weel, weel, said Robin, in reply,
Ye ne'er again shall me deny,
Ye may a toothless maiden die
For me, I'll tak' nae care o't.
Fareweel for ever!—aff I hie;—
Sae took his leave without a sigh;
Oh! stop, quo' Kate, I'm yours, I'll try
The married life, an' care o't.

Rab wheel't about, to Kate cam' back,
An' ga'e her mou' a hearty smack,
Syne lengthen'd out a lovin' crack
'Bout marriage an' the care o't.
Though as she thocht she didna speak,
An' lookit unco mim an' meek,
Yet blythe was she wi' Rab to cleek,
In marriage, wi' the care o't.

A WEDDING.

By Sir John Suckling.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been;
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again can not be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town;
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bless him!) 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as she
Nor half so full of juyce.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And, to say truth (for out it must),

It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way;
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisie makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on a Sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great;
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O' th' sudden, up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss:
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

BUXOM JOAN.

By WILLIAM CONGREVE.

A SOLDIER and a sailor,
A tinker and a tailor,
Had once a doubtful strife, sir,
To make a maid a wife, sir,
 Whose name was Buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended
To lick her lips at men, sir,
And gnaw the sheets in vain, sir,
 And lie o' nights alone.

The soldier swore like thunder,
He loved her more than plunder;
And showed her many a scar, sir,
That he had brought from far, sir,
 With fighting for her sake.
The tailor thought to please her,
With offering her his measure.
The tinker too with mettle,
Said he could mend her kettle,
 And stop up every leak.

But while these three were prating,
The sailor slily waiting,
Thought if it came about, sir,
That they should all fall out, sir,
 He then might play his part.
And just e'en as he meant, sir,
To loggerheads they went, sir,
And then he let fly at her
A shot 'twixt wind and water,
 That won this fair maid's heart.

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

In the Doric manner.

By DEAN SWIFT.

Shepherd. ECHO, I ween, will in the wood reply,
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
Echo. Try.
Shep. What must we do our passion to express?
Echo. Press.
Shep. How shall I please her, who ne'er loved before?
Echo. Be Fore.
Shep. What most moves women when we them address?
Echo. A dress.
Shep. Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?
Echo. A door.
Shep. If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo. Liar.
Shep. Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?
Echo. Buy her.
Shep. When bought, no question I shall be her dear?
Echo. Her deer.
Shep. But deer have horns: how must I keep her under?
Echo. Keep her under.
Shep. But what can glad me when she's laid on bier?
Echo. Beer.
Shep. What must I do when women will be kind?
Echo. Be kind.
Shep. What must I do when women will be cross?
Echo. Be cross.

Shep. Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?
Echo. Wind.
Shep. If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
Echo. Blows.
Shep. But if she bang again, still should I bang her?
Echo. Bang her.
Shep. Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo. Hang her.
Shep. Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers tell
What woman is and how to guard her well.
Echo. Guard her well.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

By Alexander Rodger.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But guidsake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er ye do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teazed before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time, and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

By Robert Burns.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie*
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae morning to e'ening',
He hoasts† an' he hirples‡ the weary day lang;
He's doyl't§ an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums an' he hankers, he frets an' he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

* Mother. † Coughs. ‡ Limps. § Stupid.

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, an' wrack him, until I heart-break him,
An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

AN ELEGY

On the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

By Robert Burns.

First when Maggie was my care,
Heaven I thought was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, an' Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg an' me,
How we love, an' how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

By Alexander Rodger.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;

The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a-laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
An' had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Though mony lads had sought her
And what think ye o' my exploit?—
The time our mare was shoeing,
I slippit up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,
I've new anes for the makin';
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle, your father,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na;—I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
At tyning* o' his dochter;
Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;

* Losing.

But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

OH AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

By Robert Burns.

Oh aye my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.
On peace an' rest my mind was bent,
An' fool I was, I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sair o' comfort still at last,
When a' my days are done, man;
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
Oh aye my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

THE WIDOW MALONE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

DID ye hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the Clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare—
How quare,
It's little for blushing they care
Down there—

Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own;"—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why?
"But, Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Molly Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Molly Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And, one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong:
If for widows you die,
Learn *to kiss*, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh! they're very like Mistress Malone!

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

By LADY NAIRNE.

The two last stanzas were added by Miss Ferrier.

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee—
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouther'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue:
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie—
And rapped at the yett* o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he boued fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh† curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

* Gate. † Low.

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

By THOMAS HOOD.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side.
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow";
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see";
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown!
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried:
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY.

(ANON.)

A CAPTAIN bold from Halifax who dwelt in country quarters,
Betrayed a maid who hanged herself one morning in her Garters.
His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his Stomach daily,
And took to drinking Ratafia while thinking of Miss Bailey.

One night betimes he went to bed, for he had caught a Fever;
Says he, "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay Deceiver."
His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite palely,
A Ghost stepped up to his bedside and said "Behold Miss Bailey!"

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey!" then he cries, "your Face
looks white and mealy."
"Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, "you've
used me ungenteelly;
The Crowner's 'Quest goes hard with me because
I've acted frailly,
And Parson Biggs won't bury me though I am
dead Miss Bailey."

"Dear Corpse!" said he, "since you and I
accounts must once for all close,
There really is a one pound note in my regimental
Smallclothes;
I'll bribe the sexton for your grave." The ghost
then vanished gaily
Crying "Bless you, Wicked Captain Smith,
Remember poor Miss Bailey."

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

By THOMAS HOOD.

I.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried;
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

II.

O William dear! O William dear
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

III.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

IV.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

V.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone,
They've come and boned your Mary.

VI.

The arm that used to take your arm,
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

VII.

I vowed that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial:
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's
In spirits and a phial.

VIII.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the City.

IX.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can;
As for my trunk it's all packed up
To go by Pickford's van.

X.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

XI.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
My William we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

XII.

Don't go to weep upon my grave
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

TO FANNY.

By THOMAS MOORE.

NEVER mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip that's so scented by roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments,
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful sages;
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better light than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh
As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
But eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh!—if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

By Edward Lysaght.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine

When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain,
"Oh! what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you, now;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again;
'Twas the pride of my dairy! O Barney M'Cleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!"

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

DORA *VERSUS* ROSE.

By Austin Dobson.

"*The Case is proceeding.*"

From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—
At least, on a practical plan—
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever yet met is
Like mine: I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;
Miss Do., perpendicular saints.

In short, to distinguish is folly;
'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—
Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled
For a soft celebration in rhyme,
Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
Somehow with the tune and the time;
Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,
And behold I am writing upon it
The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
Is all overscrawled with her head),
If I fancy at last that I've got her,
It turns to her rival instead;
Or I find myself placidly adding
To the rapturous tresses of Rose
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*);
For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
(Whatever might offer to stem);
But to make the invidious election,—
To declare that on either one's side
I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection,
I *cannot* decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,
My sole and my final resource
Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
Some feat of molecular force,
To solve me this riddle conducive
By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
Of Dora *and* Rose.

(*Afterthought.*)

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
Not quite so delightful as Rose,—
Not wholly so charming as Dora,—
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
As the claims of the others are equal,—
And flight—in the main—is the best,—
That I might . . . But no matter, the sequel
Is easily guessed.

A PLEA FOR TRIGAMY.

By OWEN SEAMAN.

I'VE been trying to fashion a wifely ideal,
And find that my tastes are so far from concise
That, to marry completely, no fewer than three'll
Suffice.

I've subjected my views to severe atmospheric
Compression, but still, in defiance of force,
They distinctly fall under three heads, like a cleric
Discourse.

My *first* must be fashion's own fancy-bred daughter,
Proud, peerless, and perfect—in fact, *comme il faut;*
A waltzer and wit of the very first water—
For *show.*

But these beauties that serve to make all the men jealous,
Once face them alone in the family cot,
Heaven's angels incarnate (the novelists tell us)
They're *not.*

But so much for appearances. Now for my *second*,
My lover, the wife of my home and my heart:
Of all fortune and fate of my life to be reckon'd
A part.

She must know all the needs of a rational being,
Be skilled to keep counsel, to comfort, to coax;
And, above all things else, be accomplished at seeing
My jokes.

I complete the ménage by including one other
With all the domestic prestige of a hen:
As my housekeeper, nurse, or it may be, a mother
Of men.

Total *three!* and the virtues all well represented;
With fewer than this such a thing can't be done:
Though I've known married men who declare they're contented
With one.

Would you hunt during harvest, or hay-make in winter?
And how can one woman expect to combine
Certain qualifications essentially inter-necine?

You may say that my prospects are (legally) sunless;
I state that I find them as clear as can be:—
I will marry *no* wife, since I can't do with one less
Than three.

AS LIKE THE WOMAN AS YOU CAN.

By William Ernest Henley.

"As like the Woman as you can"—
(Thus the New Adam was beguiled)—
"So shall you touch the Perfect Man"—
(God in the Garden heard and smiled).
"Your father perished with his day:
A clot of passions fierce and blind,
He fought, he hacked, he crushed his way:
Your muscles, Child, must be of mind.

"The Brute that lurks and irks within,
How, till you have him gagged and bound,
Escape the foullest form of Sin?"
(God in the Garden laughed and frowned).
"So vile, so rank, the bestial mood
In which the race is bid to be,
It wrecks the Rarer Womanhood:
Live, therefore, you, for Purity!

"Take for your mate no gallant croup,
No girl all grace and natural will:
To work her mission were to stoop,
Maybe to lapse, from Well to Ill.
Choose one of whom your grosser make"—
(God in the Garden laughed outright)—
"The true refining touch may take,
Till both attain to Life's last height.

"There, equal, purged of soul and sense,
Beneficent, high-thinking, just,
Beyond the appeal of Violence,
Incapable of common Lust,
In mental Marriage still prevail"—
(God in the Garden hid His face)—
"Till you achieve that Female-Male
In which shall culminate the race."



(III.)

From "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

By William Shakespeare.

Enter Quince *for the* Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady, Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. Oh, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. [*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring.*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, oh, spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stained with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chances Moonshine gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet:—

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk ;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word :
Come, trusty sword ;
Come blade, my breast imbrue :
[*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends ;
Thus Thisby ends :
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

AFTER HORACE.

By A. D. Godley.

What asks the Bard? He prays for nought
But what the truly virtuous crave :
That is, the things he plainly ought
To have.

'Tis not for wealth, with all the shocks
That vex distracted millionaires,
Plagued by their fluctuating stocks
And shares :

While plutocrats their millions new
Expend upon each costly whim,
A great deal less than theirs will do
For him :

The simple incomes of the poor
His meek poetic soul content :
Say, £30,000 at four
Per cent. !

His taste in residence is plain:
No palaces his heart rejoice:
A cottage in a lane (Park Lane
For choice)—

Here be his days in quiet spent:
Here let him meditate the Muse:
Baronial Halls were only meant
For Jews,

And lands that stretch with endless span
From east to west, from south to north,
Are often much more trouble than
They're worth!

Let epicures who eat too much
Become uncomfortably stout:
Let gourmets feel th' approaching touch
Of gout,—

The Bard subsists on simpler food:
A dinner, not severely plain,
A pint or so of really good
Champagne—

Grant him but these, no care he'll take
Though Laureates bask in Fortune's smile,
Though Kiplings and Corellis make
Their pile:

Contented with a scantier dole
His humble Muse serenely jogs,
Remote from scenes where authors roll
Their logs:

Far from the madding crowd she lurks,
And really cares no single jot
Whether the public read her works
Or not!

VILLON'S STRAIGHT TIP TO ALL CROSS COVES.

By W. E. Henley.

"Tout aux tavernes et aux fiells."

SUPPOSE you screeve? or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broads? or fig a nag?
Or thimble-rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the multy swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack;
Pad with a slang, or chuck a fag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;
You can not bag a single stag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you try a different tack,
And on the square you flash your flag?
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummers mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag!
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon stravag:
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up the spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not,
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

CUI BONO?

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES," BY J. AND H. SMITH.

After LORD BYRON.

I.

SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

II.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

III.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief:
Or if one tolerable page appears

In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

IV.

Albeit, how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that danceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e;
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream.
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where nought is certain, save the uncertainty of fate?

V.

This goodly pile, upheaved by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,*
Again red Lemnos' artisan may spoil;
The fire-alarm and midnight drum may beat,
And all bestrewed ysmoking at your feet!
Start ye? perchance Death's angel may be sent,
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat;
And ye who met, on revel idlesse bent,
May find, in pleasure's fane, your grave and monument.

VI.

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper waste;
The tradesman duns—no warning voice ye hear!
The plaintiff sues—to public shows ye haste;
The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear.
Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?

*. The old theatre was built by Holland the architect.

Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of truth?

VII.

To thee, blest saint! who doffed thy skin to make
The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs with joy,
We dedicate the pile—arise! awake!—
Knock down the Muses, wit and sense destroy,
Clear our new stage from reason's dull alloy,
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering youth
With cleaver, marrow-bone, and Tunbridge toy,
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,*
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make her boards a booth.

VIII.

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
Skakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul!"
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

IX.

Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black;
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempe's grove,
But pacing Grub Street on a jaded hack;
What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track,

* A Jew's harp.

Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce, in rags, the rags ye blot in song.

X.

So fares the follower in the Muses' train;
He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
We slight him, till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland wreathe,
And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe—
Oh! with what tragic horror would he start,
(Could he be conjured from the grave beneath)
To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
And elephants and colts down-trampling Shakespeare's art.

XI.

Hence, pedant Nature! with thy Grecian rules!
Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface;
Back, sister Muses, to your native schools;
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace,
The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
Man yields the drama to the Hou'yn'm race,
His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
The stage a stable-yard, a jockey-club the pit.

XII.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode?
Is it for these your superstition seeks
To build a temple worthy of a god?
To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks!
Then be the stage, to recompense your freaks,
A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
Where Punch, the lignum-vitæ Roscius, squeaks,
And Wisdom weeps and Folly plays his pranks,
And moody Madness laughs and hugs the chain he clanks.

THE REBUILDING.

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES," BY J. AND H. SMITH.

After ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[*Spoken by a Glendoveer.*]

I AM a blessed Glendoveer:
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower Hill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose!
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls
of Drury!

Tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread.
Master and 'prentice, serving-man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Through streets and alleys pour'd—
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze.
Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney,
The mighty roast, the mighty stew
To see;
As if the dismal view
Were but to them a Brentford jubilee.
Vainly, all-radiant Surya, sire of Phaeton
(By Greeks call'd Apollo),
Hollow
Sounds from thy harp proceed;
Combustible as reed,

The tongue of Vulcan licks thy wooden legs:
From Drury's top, dissever'd from thy pegs,
Thou tumblest,
Humblest
Where late thy bright effulgence shone on high:
While, by thy somerset excited, fly
Ten million
Billion
Sparks from the pit, to gem the sable sky.
Now come the men of fire to quench the fires:
To Russell Street see Globe and Atlas run,
Hope gallops first, and second Sun;
On flying heel,
See Hand-in-Hand
O'ertake the band!
View with what glowing wheel
He nicks
Phœnix!
While Albion scampers from Bridge Street, Blackfriars—
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
They shout and they bellow again and again.
All, all in vain!
Water turns steam;
Each blazing beam
Hisses defiance to the eddying spout:
It seems but too plain that nothing can put it out
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
See, Drury Lane expires.
Pent in by smoke-dried beams, twelve moons or more
Shorn of his ray,
Surya in durance lay:
The workmen heard him shout,
But thought it would not pay,
To dig him out.

When lo! terrific Yamen, lord of hell,
Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Sworn foe to witticism,
By men call'd criticism,
Came passing by that way:
"Rise!" cried the fiend, "behold a sight of gladness!
Behold the rival theatre!
I've set O. P. at her,
Who, like a bull-dog bold,
Growls and fastens on his hold.

"The many-headed rabble roar in madness;
Thy rival staggers: come and spy her
Deep in the mud as thou art in the mire."
So saying, in his arms he caught the beaming one
And crossing Russell Street,
He placed him on his feet
'Neath Covent Garden dome. Sudden a sound,
As of the bricklayers of Babel, rose:
Horns, rattles, drums, tin trumpets, sheets of copper,
Punches and slaps, thwacks of all sorts and sizes,
From the knobb'd bludgeon to the taper switch,
Ran echoing round the walls; paper placards
Blotted the lamps, boots brown with mud the benches;
A sea of heads roll'd roaring in the pit;
On paper wings O. P.'s
Reclin'd in lettered ease;
While shout and scoff,
"Ya! ya! off! off!"
Like thunderbolt on Surya's ear-drum fell,
And seemed to paint
The savage oddities of Saint
Bartholomew in hell.

Tears dimm'd the god of light—
"Bear me back, Yamen, from this hideous sight;
Bear me back, Yamen, I grow sick,
Oh! bury me again in brick;
Shall I on New Drury tremble,
To be O. P.'d like Kemble?
No,
Better remain by rubbish guarded,
Than thus hubbubish groan placarded;
Bear me back, Yamen, bear me quick,
And bury me again in brick."
Obedient Yamen
Answered, "Amen,"
And did
As he was bid.

There lay the buried god, and Time
Seemed to decree eternity of lime;
But pity, like a dew-drop, gently prest
Almighty Veeshnoo's adamantine breast:
He, the preserver, ardent still
To do whate'er he says he will,
From South Hill wing'd his way,
To raise the drooping lord of day.
All earthly spells the busy one o'erpower'd;
He treats with men of all conditions,
Poets and players, tradesmen and musicians;
Nay, even ventures
To attack the renters,
Old and new:
A list he gets
Of claims and debts,
And deems nought done while aught remains to do.

Yamen beheld, and wither'd at the sight;
Long had he aim'd the sunbeam to control,
For light was hateful to his soul:

"Go on!" cried the hellish one, yellow with spite:
"Go on!" cried the hellish one, yellow with spleen,
"Thy toils of the morning, like Ithaca's queen,
I'll toil to undo every night."
Ye sons of song, rejoice!
Veeshnoo has still'd the jarring elements,
The spheres hymn music;
Again the god of day
Peeps forth with trembling ray,
Wakes, from their humid caves, the sleeping Nine
And pours at intervals a strain divine.
"I have an iron yet in the fire," cried Yamen;
"The vollied flame rides in my breath,
My blast is elemental death;
This hand shall tear your paper bonds to pieces;
Ingross your deeds, assignments, leases,
My breath shall every line erase
Soon as I blow the blaze."

The lawyers are met at the Crown and Anchor,
And Yamen's visage grows blanker and blanker;
The lawyers are met at the Anchor and Crown,
And Yamen's cheek is a russety brown;
Veeshnoo, now thy work proceeds;
The solicitor reads,
And, merit of merit!
Red wax and green ferret
Are fixed at the foot of the deeds!

Yamen beheld and shiver'd;
His finger and thumb were cramp'd;
His ear by the flea in't was bitten,
When he saw by the lawyer's clerk written,
Sealed and delivered,
Being first duly stamped.

"Now for my turn!" the demon cries, and blows
A blast of sulphur from his mouth and nose.

Ah! bootless aim! the critic fiend,
Sagacious Yamen, judge of hell,
Is judged in his turn;
Parchment won't burn!
His schemes of vengeance are dissolved in air,
Parchment won't tear!!
Is it not written in the Himakoot book
(That mighty Baly from Kehama took)
"Who blows on pounce
Must the Swerga renounce"?
It is! it is! Yamen, thine hour is nigh:
Like as an eagle claws an asp,
Veeshnoo has caught him in his mighty grasp,
And hurl'd him in spite of his shrieks and his squalls,
Whizzing aloft, like the Temple fountain,
Three times as high as Meru mountain,
Which is
Ninety times as high as St. Paul's.

Descending, he twisted like Levy the Jew,
Who a durable grave meant
To dig in the pavement
Of Monument Yard:
To earth by the laws of attraction he flew,
And he fell, and he fell
To the regions of hell;
Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,
And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety-nock,
Like a pebble in Carisbrooke Well.

Now Veeshnoo turn'd round to a capering varlet,
Array'd in blue and white and scarlet,
And cried, "Oh! brown of slipper as of hat!
Lend me, Harlequin, thy bat!"
He seized the wooden sword, and smote the earth;

When lo! upstarting into birth
A fabric, gorgeous to behold,
Outshone in elegance the old,
And Veeshnoo saw, and cried, "Hail, playhouse mine!"
Then, bending his head, to Surya he said:
"Soon as thy maiden sister Di
Caps with her copper lid the dark blue sky,
And through the fissures of her clouded fan
Peeps at the naughty monster man,
Go mount yon edifice,
And show thy steady face
In renovated pride,
More bright, more glorious than before!"
But ah! coy Surya still felt a twinge,
Still smarted from his former singe;
And to Veeshnoo replied,
In a tone rather gruff,
"No, thank you! one tumble's enough!"

PLAYHOUSE MUSINGS.

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES," BY J. AND H. SMITH.

After S. T. COLERIDGE.

MY pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery-ware,
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad! and you are sad, my Public!

Joy should be yours: this tenth day of October,
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks
That hid our ruins; many a day I cried,
Ah me! I fear they never will rebuild it

Till on the eve, one joyful Monday eve,
As along Charles Street I prepared to walk,
Just at the corner, by the pastrycook's,
I heard a trowel tick against a brick,
I look'd me up, and straight a parapet
Uprose at least seven inches o'er the planks.
Joy to thee, Drury! to myself I said:
He of Blackfriars Road, who hymned thy downfall
In loud Hosannahs, and who prophesied
That flames, like those from prostrate Solyma,
Would scorch the hand that ventured to rebuild thee,
Has proved a lying prophet. From that hour,
As leisure offer'd, close to Mr. Spring's
Box-office door, I've stood and eyed the builders.
They had a plan to render less their labours;
Workmen in olden times would mount a ladder
With hodded heads, but these stretch'd forth a pole
From the wall's pinnacle, they placed a pulley
Athwart the pole, a rope athwart the pulley;
To this a basket dangled; mortar and bricks
Thus freighted, swung securely to the top,
And in the empty basket workmen twain
Precipitate, unhurt, accosted earth.

Oh! 'twas a goodly sound, to hear the people
Who watch'd the work express their various thoughts!
While some believed it never would be finish'd,
Some, on the contrary, believed it would.

I've heard our front that faces Drury Lane
Much criticised; they say 'tis vulgar brickwork,
A mimic manufactory of floor-cloth.
One of the morning papers wish'd that front
Cemented like the front in Brydges Street;

As it now looks, they call it Wyatt's Mermaid,
A handsome woman with a fish's tail.

White is the steeple of St. Bride's in Fleet Street!
The Albion (as its name denotes) is white;
Morgan and Saunders' shop for chairs and tables
Gleams like a snow-ball in the setting sun.
White is Whitehall. But not St. Bride's in Fleet Street,
The Spotless Albion, Morgan, no, nor Saunders,
Nor white Whitehall, is white as Drury's face.

Oh, Mr. Whitbread! fie upon you, sir!
I think you should have built a colonnade;
When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet closer round her throat,
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow,
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa
Cries, "There you go! this comes of playhouses!"
To build no portico is penny wise:
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish!

Hail to thee, Drury! Queen of Theatres!
What is the Regency in Tottenham Street,
The Royal Amphitheatre of Arts,
Astley's Olympic, or the Sans Pareil,
Compared with thee? Yet when I view thee push'd
Back from the narrow street that christened thee,
I know not why they call thee Drury Lane.

Amid the freaks that modern fashion sanctions,
It grieves me much to see live animals
Brought on the stage. Grimaldi has his rabbit,
Laurent his cat, and Bradbury his pig.
Fie on such tricks! Johnson, the machinist
Of former Drury, imitated life
Quite to the life. The Elephant in Blue Beard,
Stuff'd by his hand, wound round his lithe proboscis
As spruce as he who roar'd in Padmanaba.
Nought born on earth should die. On hackney stands
I reverence the coachman who cries "Gee,"
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a butcher with horn-handled knife
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick!

[*Exit hastily.*

THE LIVING LUSTRES.

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES," BY J. AND H. SMITH.

After THOMAS MOORE.

I.

O WHY should our dull retrospective addresses
Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury Lane fire?
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,
And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire!

II.

Let the artists decide on the beauties of Drury,
The richest to me is when woman is there;
The question of houses I leave to the jury;
The fairest to me is the house of the fair.

III.

When woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,
And gilds, while it carves, her dear form on the heart,
What need has New Drury of carvers and gilders?
With Nature so bounteous, why call upon Art?

IV.

How well would our actors attend to their duties,
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young beauties
Glanced light from their eyes between us and the pit!

V.

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
By woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college—
I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

VI.

There too is the lash which, all statutes controlling,
Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair;
For man is the pupil, who, while her eye's rolling,
Is lifted to rapture, or sunk in despair.

VII.

Bloom, theatre, bloom, in the roseate blushes
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile!
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle!

VIII.

For dear is the Emerald Isle of the ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustom'd to rebel commotion,
Tho' joyous, are sober—tho' peaceful, are brave.

IX.

The shamrock their olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows;
Their sprig of shillelagh is nothing but laurel,
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows.

X.

Oh! soon shall they burst the tyrannical shackles
Which each panting bosom indignantly names,
Until not one goose at the capital cackles
Against the grand question of Catholic claims.

XI.

And then shall each Paddy, who once on the Liffey
Perchance held the helm of some mackerel hoy,
Hold the helm of the state, and dispense in a jiffy
More fishes than ever he caught when a boy.

XII.

And those who now quit their hods, shovels, and barrows,
In crowds to the bar of some ale-house to flock,
When bred to *our* bar shall be Gibbses and Garrows,
Assume the silk gown, and discard the smock-frock.

XIII.

For Erin surpasses the daughters of Neptune,
As Dian outshines each encircling star;
And the spheres of the heavens could never have kept tune
Till set to the music of Erin-go-bragh.

THE THEATRE.

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES," BY J. AND H. SMITH.

After THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

'TIS sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing-room.*

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.

Now all seems hush'd ; but no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man :
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry "Hats off!"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above ;
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap ;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers ;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl,
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel
tongues ?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern
lungs ?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain!—
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick
Lane ;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court ;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk ;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,

With pence twice five—they want but twopence
more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their
talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock-up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head;
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;

Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispered, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow down darts the painted clue,
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
Upsoars the prize! The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN.

[BY LOUISA CAROLINE.]

By A. C. HILTON.

THE rain was raining cheerfully,
As if it had been May,
The Senate House appeared inside
Unusually gay;
And this was strange, because it was
A Viva-Voce day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
 Their paper work was done,
They wanted much to go away
 To ride or row or run;
"It's very rude," they said, "to keep
 Us here and spoil our fun."

The papers they had finished lay
 In piles of blue and white,
They answered everything they could,
 And wrote with all their might,
But though they wrote it all by rote,
 They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
 Besides these piles did stand;
They wept like anything to see
 The work they had in hand:
"If this were only finished up,"
 Said they, "it would be grand!"

"If seven D's or seven C's
 We give to all the crowd,
Do you suppose," the Vulture said,
 "That we could get them ploughed?"
"I think so," said the Husbandman
 "But pray don't talk so loud."

"Oh, Undergraduates, come up,"
 The Vulture did beseech,
"And let us see if you can learn
 As well as we can teach;
We cannot do with more than two,
 To have a word with each."

Two Undergraduates came up,
 And slowly took a seat;
They knit their brows, and bit their thumbs,
 As if they found them sweet;

And this was odd, because you know
Thumbs are not good to eat.

"The time has come," the Vulture said,
"To talk of many things—
Of Accidence and Adjectives,
And names of Jewish kings;
How many notes a sackbut has,
And whether shawms have strings."

"Please, Sir," the Undergraduates said,
Turning a little blue,
"We did not know that was the sort
Of thing we had to do."
"We thank you much," the Vulture said;
"Send up another two."

Two more came up, and then two more,
And more, and more, and more,
And some looked upwards at the roof,
Some down upon the floor,
But none were any wiser than
The pair that went before.

"I weep for you," the Vulture said;
"I deeply sympathize!"
With sobs and tears he gave them all
D's of the largest size,
While at the Husbandman he winked
One of his streaming eyes.

"I think," observed the Husbandman,
We're getting on too quick;
Are we not putting down the D's
A little bit too thick?"
The Vulture said with much disgust,
"Their answers make me sick."

"Now, Undergraduates," he cried,
"Our fun is nearly done;
Will anybody else come up?"
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd ploughed them every one!

THE POETS AT TEA.

By BARRY PAIN.

I.—(MACAULAY).

POUR, varlet, pour the water,
The water steaming hot!
A spoonful for each man of us,
Another for the pot!
We shall not drink from amber,
No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
With port at thirty-six;
Whiter than snow the crystals
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture-lands more fragrance yield;
For ever let Britannia wield
The teapot of her sires!

II.—(TENNYSON).

I think that I am drawing to an end:
For on a sudden came a gasp for breath,
And stretching of the hands, and blinded eyes,
And a great darkness falling on my soul.
O Hallelujah! . . . Kindly pass the milk

III.—(SWINBURNE).

As the sin that was sweet in the sinning
Is foul in the ending thereof,
As the heat of the summer's beginning

Is past in the winter of love:
O purity, painful and pleading!
O coldness, ineffably gray!
O hear us, our handmaid unheeding,
And take it away!

IV.—(COWPER).

The cosy fire is bright and gay,
The merry kettle boils away
And hums a cheerful song.
I sing the saucer and the cup;
Pray, Mary, fill the teapot up,
And do not make it strong.

V.—(BROWNING).

Tut! Bah! We take as another case—
Pass the bills on the pills on the window-sill; notice the capsule
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
Reliance on trade-marks, Sir)—so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
Light-poised—Bah, it's spilt in the bed!—well, let's on go—
Hold Bohea and sugar, Sir; if you were told
The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo?

VI.—(WORDSWORTH).

"Come, little cottage girl, you seem
To want my cup of tea;
And will you take a little cream?
Now tell the truth to me."

She had a rustic, woodland grin,
Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
A little drop of milk."

"Why, what put milk into your head?
'Tis cream my cows supply;"
And five times to the child I said,
"Why, pig-head, tell me, why?"

"You call me pig-head," she replied;
"My proper name is Ruth.
I called that milk"—she blushed with pride—
"You bade me speak the truth."

VII.—(POE).

Here's a mellow cup of tea—golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance
brings to me!
Oh, from out the silver cells
How it wells!
How it smells!
Keeping tune, tune, tune
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,
With a desperate desire
And a crystalline endeavour
Now, now to sit, or never,
On the top of the pale-faced moon,
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea,
Tea to the *n* — th.

VIII.—(ROSSETTI).

The lilies lie in my lady's bower,
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);

She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

IX.—(BURNS).

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay—to state my mind
Fore ane or ither;
For, gin I tak the first, I'm fou,
And gin the next, I'm dull as you,
Mix a' thegither.

X.—(WALT WHITMAN).

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. Allons, camerados, we will drink together,
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please, when you've done with it.
What butter-colour'd hair you've got. I don't want to be personal.
All right, then, you needn't. You're a stale-cadaver.
Eighteen-pence if the bottles are returned.
Allons, from all bat-eyed formules.

OCTOPUS.

[BY ALGERNON CHARLES SIN-BURN.]

By A. C. HILTON.

STRANGE beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between.

Wast thou born to the sound of sea trumpets?
Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess
Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets,
Of the seaweed—thy mustard and cress?
Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,
Remote from reproof or restraint?
Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,
Sinburnian or Saint?

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enrol and envelop the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace;
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to whelm us in waves of Cocytus,
Indelible ink!

O breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on!
O arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the Python,
When she maketh her murderous meal!
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape;
Give us death that is glorious and golden,
Crushed all out of shape!

Ah, thy red lips, lascivious and luscious
With death in their amorous kiss!
Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
With bitings of agonized bliss;
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,
And bite us again!

AT THE SIGN OF THE COCK.

[After Mr. George Meredith's "Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History."]

By Owen Seaman.

I

Rooster her sign,
Rooster her pugnant note, she struts
Evocative, amazon spurs aprick at heel;
Nid-nod the authentic stump
Of the once ensanguined comb vermeil as wine;
With conspuent doodle-doo
Hails breach o' the hectic dawn of yon New Year
Last issue up to date
Of quiverful Fate
Evolved spontaneous; hails with tonant trump
The spiriting prime o' the clashed carillon-peal;
Ruffling her caudal plumes derisive of scuts;
Inconscient how she stalks an immarcessibly absurd
Bird.

II.

Mark where her Equatorial Pioneer*
Delirant on the tramp goes littoralwise,
His Flag at furl, portmanteaued; drains to the dregs
The penultimate brandy-bottle,† coal-on-the-head-piece gift
Of who avenged the Old Sea-Rover's smirch.
Marchant he treads the all-along of inarable drift
On dubiously connivent legs,
The facile prey of predatory flies;

* Major Marchand.

† Presented by Lord (then Sir Herbert) Kitchener after the capture of Khartoum.

Panting for further; sworn to lurch
Empirical on to the Menelik-buffered, enhavened
blue,
Rhyming—see Cantique I.—with doodle-doo.

III.

Infuriate she kicked against Imperial fact;
Vulnant she felt
What pin-stab should have stained Another's pelt
Puncture her own Colonial lung-balloon,
Volant to nigh meridian. Whence rebuffed,
The perjured Scythian* she lacked
At need's pinch, sick with spleen of the rudely
cuffed
Below her breath she cursed; she cursed the hour
When on her spring for him the young Tyrannical
broke
Amid the unhallowed wedlock's vodka-shower,
She passionate, he dispassionate; tricked
Her wits to eye-blind; borrowed the ready as for
dower;
Till from the trance of that Hymettus-moon
She woke,
A nuptial-knotted derelict;
Pensioned with Rescripts other aid declined
By the plumped leech saturate urging Peace†
In guise of heavy armed Gospeller to men,
Tyrannical unto fraternal equal liberal, her. Not
she;
Not till Alsace her consanguineous find
What red deteutonising artillery
Shall shatter her beer-reek alien police
The just-now pluripollent; not till then.

* Reference to the Franco-Russian alliance.
† At the Hague Convention.

IV.

More pungent yet the esoteric pain
Squeezing her pliable vitals nourishes feud*
Insanely grumous, grumously insane.
For lo!
Past common balmy on the Bordereau,
Churns she the skim o' the gutter's crust
With Anti-Judaic various carmagnole,
Whooped praise of the Anti-Just;
Her boulevard brood
Gyratory in convolvements militant-mad;
Theatrical of faith in the Belliform,
Her Og,
Her Monstrous. Fled what force she had
To buckle the jaw-gape, wide agog
For the Preconcerted One,
The Anticipated, ripe to clinch the whole;
Queen-bee to hive the hither and thither volant swarm.
Bides she his coming; adumbrates the new
Expurgatorial Divine,
Her final effulgent Avatar,
Postured outside a trampling mastodon
Black as her Baker's† charger; towering; visibly gorged
With blood of traitors. Knee-grip stiff,
Spine straightened, on he rides;
Embossed the Patriot's brow with hieroglyph
Of martial *dossiers*, nothing forged
About him save his armour. So she bides
Voicing his advent indeterminably far,
Rooster her sign,
Rooster her conspuent doodle-doo.

* Over the Dreyfus case.
† Boulanger.

v.

Behold her, pranked with spurs for bloody sport,
How she acclaims,
A crapulous chanticleer,
Breech of the hectic dawn of yon New Year.
Not yet her fill of rumours sucked ;
Inebriate of honour ; blushfully wroth ;
Tireless to play her old primæval games ;
Her plumage preened the yet unplucked,
Like sails of a galleon, rudder hard amort
With crepitant mast
Fronting the hazard to dare of a dual blast
The intern and the extern, blizzards both.

CULTURE IN THE SLUMS.

(Inscribed to an Intense Poet.)

By W. E. Henley.

RONDEAU.

"O CRIKEY, Bill !" she ses to me, she ses.
"Look sharp," ses she, "with them there sossiges.
Yea ! sharp with them there bags of mysteree !
For lo !" she ses, "for lo ! old pal," ses she,
"I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."

Was it not prime—I leave you all to guess
How prime !——to have a Jude in love's distress
Come spooning round, and murmuring balmilee,
"O crikey, Bill !"

For in such rorty wise doth Love express
His blooming views, and asks for your address,

And makes it right, and does the gay and
free.
I kissed her—I did so! And her and me
Was pals. And if that ain't good business,
"O crikey Bill!"

II. VILLANELLE.

Now ain't they utterly too-too
(She ses, my Missus mine, ses she),
Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Joe, just you kool 'em—nice and skew
Upon our old meogginee,
Now ain't they utterly too-too?

They're better than a pot'n' a screw,
They're equal to a Sunday spree,
Them flymy little bits of Blue!

Suppose I put 'em up the flue,
And booze the profits, Joe? Not me.
Now ain't they utterly too-too?

I do the 'Igh Art fake, I do.
Joe, I'm consummate; and I *see*
Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Which Joe, is why I ses ter you—
Æsthetic-like, and limp, and free—
Now *ain't* they utterly too-too,
Them flymy little bits of Blue?

III. BALLADE.

I often does a quiet read
At Booty Shelly's poetry;
I thinks that Swinburne at a screed
Is really almost too too fly;
At Signor Vagna's harmony

I likes a merry little flutter;
I've had at Pater many a shy;
In fact, my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

My mark's a tidy little feed,
And 'Enery Irving's gallery,
To see old 'Amlick do a bleed,
And Ellen Terry on the die,
Or Frankey's ghostes at hi-spy,
And parties carried on a shutter.
Them vulgar Coupeaus is my eye!
In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

The Grosvenor's nuts—it is, indeed!
I goes for 'Olman 'Unt like pie.
It's equal to a friendly lead
To see B. Jones's judes go by.
Stanhope he make me fit to cry.
Whistler he makes me melt like butter.
Strudwick he makes me flash my cly—
In fact, my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

Envoy.

I'm on for any Art that's 'Igh;
I talks as quiet as I can splutter;
I keeps a Dado on the sly;
In fact, my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

MARTIN LUTHER AT POTSDAM.

By Barry Pain.

What lightning shall light it? What thunder shall tell it
In the height of the height, in the depth of the deep?
Shall the sea-storm declare it, or paint it, or smell it?
Shall the price of a shave be its treasure to keep?

When the night has grown near with the gems on her bosom,
When the white of mine eyes is the whiteness of snow,
When the cabman—in liquor—drives a blue roan, a kicker,
Into the land of the dear long ago.

Ah!—Ah, again!—You will come to me, fall on me—
You are *so* heavy, and I am *so* flat.
And I? I shall not be at home when you call on me,
But stray down the wind like a gentleman's hat:
I shall list to the stars when the music is purple,
Be drawn through a pipe, and exhaled into rings;
Turn to sparks, and then straightway get stuck in the gateway
That stands between speech and unspeakable things.

As I mentioned before, by what light is it lighted?
Oh! Is it fourpence, or piebald, or gray?
Is it a mayor that a mother has knighted,
Or is it a horse of the sun and the day?
Is it a pony? If so, who will change it?
O golfer, be quiet, and mark where it scuds,
And think of its paces—of owners and races—
Relinquish the links for the study of studs.

Not understood? Take me hence! Take me yonder!
Take me away to the land of my rest—
There where the Ganges and other gees wander,
And uncles and antelopes act for the best,
And all things are mixed and run into each other
In a violet twilight of virtues and sins,

With the church-spires below you and no one to show you
Where the curate leaves off and the pew-rent begins!

In the black night through the rank grass the snakes peer—
The cobs and the cobras are partial to grass—
And a boy wanders out with a knowledge of Shakespeare
That's not often found in a boy of his class,
And a girl wanders out without any knowledge,
And a bird wanders out, and a cow wanders out,
Likewise one wether, and they wander together—
There's a good deal of wandering lying about.

But it's all for the best; I've been told by my friends, Sir,
That in verses I'd written the meaning was slight;
I've tried with no meaning—to make 'em amends, Sir—
And find that this kind's still more easy to write.
The title has nothing to do with the verses,
But think of the millions—the labourers who
In busy employment find deepest enjoyment,
And yet, like my title, have nothing to do!

BURGLAR BILL.

A RECITATION.

By F. ANSTEY.

THE compiler would not be acting fairly by the young Reciter if, in recommending the following poem as a subject for earnest study, he did not

caution him—or her—not to be betrayed by the apparent simplicity of this exercise into the grave error of under-estimating its real difficulty.

It is true that it is an illustration of Pathos of an elementary order (we shall reach the advanced kind at a later stage), but, for all that, this piece bristles with as many points as a porcupine, and consequently requires the most cautious and careful handling.

Upon the whole, it is perhaps better suited to students of the softer sex.

Announce the title with a suggestion of shy innocence—in this way :—

BURGLAR [*now open both eyes very wide*] BILL.
[*Then go on in a hushed voice, and with an air of wonder at the world's iniquity.*]

I.

THROUGH a window in the attic
Brawny Burglar Bill has crept;
Seeking stealthily a chamber
Where the jewellery is kept.

[*Pronounce either "jewelry" or "joolery," according to taste.*

II.

He is furnished with a "jemmy,"
Centre-bit, and carpet-bag,
For the latter "comes in handy,"
So he says, "to stow the swag."

"*Jemmy*," "*centre-bit*," "*carpet-bag*," *are important words—put good colouring into them.*

III.

Here, upon the second landing,
He, secure, may work his will:

Down below's a dinner-party,
Up above—the house is still.

[*Here start and extend first finger, remembering to make it waggle slightly, as from fear.*

IV.

Suddenly—in spell-bound horror,
All his satisfaction ends—
For a little white-robed figure
By the banister descends!

[*This last line requires care in delivery, or it may be imagined that the little figure is sliding* DOWN *the banisters, which would simply ruin the effect. Note the bold but classic use of the singular in "banister," which is more pleasing to a nice ear than the plural.*

V.

Bill has reached for his revolver,

[*Business here with your fan.*

Yet—he hesitates to fire. . . .
Child is it? [*in a dread whisper*] or—apparition,
That provokes him to perspire?

VI.

Can it be his guardian angel,
Sent to stay his hand from crime?

[*In a tone of awe.*

He could wish she had selected,
Some more seasonable time!

[*Touch of peevish discontent here.*

VII.

"Go away!" he whispers hoarsely,
"Burglars hev their bread to earn.
I don't need no Gordian angel
Givin' of me sech a *turn!*"

[*Shudder here, and retreat, shielding eyes with hand.*

[*Now change your manner to a naïve surprise; this, in spite of anything we may have said previously, is in this particular instance,* NOT *best indicated by a shrill falsetto.*

VIII.

But the blue eyes open wider,
Ruby lips reveal their pearl;

[*This must not be taken to refer to the Burglar.*

"I is not a Garden anzel,
Only—dust a yickle dirl!

[*Be particularly artless here and through next stanza.*

IX.

"On the thtairs to thit I'm doin'
Till the tarts and dellies tum;
Partinthon (our butler) alwayth
Thaves for Baby Bella thome!

X.

"Poor man, 'oo is yookin' 'ungwy—
Leave 'oo burgling fings up dere;
Tum viz me and share the sweeties,
Thitting on the bottom thtair!"

[*In rendering the above the young Reciter should strive to be idiomatic without ever becoming idiotic—which is not so easy as might be imagined.*

XI.

"Reely, Miss, you must excoose me!"
Says the Burglar with a jerk:

[*Indicate embarrassment here by smoothing down the folds of your gown, and swaying awkwardly.*

"Dooty calls, and time is pressing;
I must set about my work!"
[*This with a gruff conscientiousness.*

XII.

[*Now assume your wide-eyed innocence again.*
"Is 'oo work to bweak in houses?
Nana *told* me so, I'm sure!
Will 'oo if 'oo can manage
To bweak in my *doll's house* door?

XIII.

"I tan *never* det it undone,
So my dollies tan't det out;
They don't *yike* the fwont to open
Every time they'd walk about!

XIV.

"Twy, and—if 'oo does it nithely—
When I'm thent upthtairs to thleep,
[*Don't overdo the lisp.*
I will bwing 'oo up thome doodies,
'Oo shall have them all—to keep!"

XV.

[*Pause here; then, with intense feeling and sympathy—*
Off the little "angel" flutters;
[*Delicate stress on "angel."*
But the burglar—wipes his brow.
He is wholly unaccustomed
To a kindly greeting now!
[*Tremble in voice here.*

XVI.

Never with a smile of welcome
Has he seen his entrance met!
Nobody—except the policeman— [*Bitterly.*
Ever wanted *him* as yet!

XVII.

Many a stately home he's entered,
But, with unobtrusive tact,
He has ne'er, in paying visits,
Called attention to the fact.

XVIII.

Gain he counts it, on departing,
Should he have avoided strife.
[*In tone of passionate lament—*
Ah, my Brothers, but the Burglar's
Is a sad, a lonely life!

XIX.

All forgotten now the jewels,
Once the purpose of his "job";
Down he sinks upon the door-mat,
With a deep and choking sob.

XX.

Then, the infant's plea recalling,
Seeks the nursery above;
Looking for the Lilliputian
Crib he is to crack—for *love!*
[*It is more usually done for* MONEY.

XXI.

In the corner stands the Dolls'-house,
Gaily painted green and red;
[*Colouring again here.*
And its door declines to open,
Even as the child has said!

XXII.

Forth come centre-bit and jemmy: [*Briskly.*
All his implements are plied;
[*Enthusiastically—*
Never has he burgled better!
As he feels, with honest pride.

XXIII.

Deftly is the task accomplished,
For the door will open well;
When—a childish voice behind him
Breaks the silence—like a bell.

XXIV.

"Sank 'oo, Misser Burglar, sank 'oo!
And, betause 'oo's been so nice,
See what I have dot—a tartlet!
Gweat big gweedies ate the ice."

[*Resentful accent on "ate."*

XXV.

"Papa says he wants to see 'oo,
Partinthon is tummin too—
Tan't 'oo wait!"

[*This with guileless surprise—then change to a husky emotion.*

"Well, *not* this evenin',
So, my little dear,—[*brusquely*], a doo!"

XXVI.

[*You are now to produce your greatest effect; the audience should be made actually to* SEE *the poor hunted victim of social prejudice escaping, consoled in the very act of flight by memories of this last adventure—the one bright and cheering episode, possibly, in his entire professional career.*

Fast he speeds across the housetops!—

[*Rapid delivery for this.*

[*Very gently.*] But his bosom throbs with bliss,
For upon his rough lips linger
Traces of a baby's kiss.

[*Most delicate treatment will be necessary in the last couplet—or the audience may understand it in a painfully literal sense.*

* * * * *

[*You have nothing before you now but the finale. Make the contrast as marked as possible.*

XXVII.

Dreamily on downy pillow

[*Soft musical intonation for this.*

Baby Bella murmurs sweet:

[*Smile here with sleepy tenderness.*

"Burglar—tum adain, and thee me . . .
I will dive 'oo cakes to eat!"

[*That is one side of the medal—now for the other.*

XXVIII.

[*Harsh but emotional.*

In a garret, worn, and weary,
Burglar Bill has sunk to rest,
Clasping tenderly a damson-
Tartlet to his burly breast.

[*Dwell lovingly upon the word "tartlet"—which you should press home upon every one of your hearers, remembering to fold your hands lightly over your breast as you conclude. If you do not find that several susceptible and eligible bachelors have been knocked completely out of time by this little recitation, you will have made less progress in your Art than may be confidently anticipated.*

HERE IS THE TALE.

By ANTHONY C. DEANE.

After RUDYARD KIPLING.

Here is the tale– and you must make the most of it!
Here is the rhyme—ah, listen and attend!
Backwards—forwards—read it all and boast of it
If you are anything the wiser at the end!

NOW Jack looked up—it was time to sup, and the
bucket was yet to fill,
And Jack looked round for a space and frowned, then beckoned his sister Jill,
And twice he pulled his sister's hair, and thrice he
smote her side;
"Ha' done, ha' done with your impudent fun—ha'
done with your games!" she cried;
"You have made mud-pies of a marvellous size—
finger and face are black,
You have trodden the Way of the Mire and Clay
—now up and wash you, Jack!
Or else, or ever we reach our home, there waiteth
an angry dame—
Well you know the weight of her blow—the supper-
less open shame!
Wash, if you will, on yonder hill—wash, if you
will, at the spring,—
Or keep your dirt, to your certain hurt, and an
imminent walloping!"

"You must wash—you must scrub—you must
scrape!" growled Jack, "you must traffic with
cans and pails,
Nor keep the spoil of the good brown soil in the
rim of your finger-nails!
The morning path you must tread to your bath—
you must wash ere the night descends,

And all for the cause of conventional laws and the soapmakers' dividends!
But if 'tis sooth that our meal in truth depends on our washing, Jill,
By the sacred right of our appetite—haste—haste to the top of the hill!"

They have trodden the Way of the Mire and Clay, they have toiled and travelled far,
They have climbed to the brow of the hill-top now, where the bubbling fountains are,
They have taken the bucket and filled it up—yea, filled it up to the brim;
But Jack he sneered at his sister Jill, and Jill she jeered at him:
"What, blown already!" Jack cried out (and his was a biting mirth!)
"You boast indeed of your wonderful speed—but what is the boasting worth?
Now, if you can run as the antelope runs, and if you can turn like a hare,
Come, race me, Jill, to the foot of the hill—and prove your boasting fair!"

"Race? What is a race" (and a mocking face had Jill as she spake the word)
"Unless for a prize the runner tries? The truth indeed ye heard,
For I can run as the antelope runs, and I can turn like a hare:—
The first one down wins half-a-crown—and I will race you there!"
"Yea, if for the lesson that you will learn (the lesson of humbled pride)
The price you fix at two-and-six, it shall not be denied;
Come, take your stand at my right hand, for here is the mark we toe:
Now, are you ready, and are you steady? Gird up your petticoats! Go!"

And Jill she ran like a winging bolt, a bolt from the bow released,
But Jack like a stream of the lightning gleam, with its pathway duly greased;
He ran down hill in front of Jill like a summer-lightning flash—
Till he suddenly tripped on a stone, or slipped, and fell to the earth with a crash.
Then straight did rise on his wondering eyes the constellations fair,
Arcturus and the Pleiades, the Greater and Lesser Bear,
The swirling rain of a comet's train he saw, as he swiftly fell—
And Jill came tumbling after him with a loud triumphant yell:
"You have won, you have won, the race is done!
And as for the wager laid—
You have fallen down with a broken crown—the half-crown debt is paid!"

They have taken Jack to the room at the back where the family medicines are,
And he lies in bed with a broken head in a halo of vinegar;
While, in that Jill had laughed her fill as her brother fell to earth,
She had felt the sting of a walloping—she hath paid the price of her mirth!

Here is the tale—and now you have the whole of it,
Here is the story—well and wisely planned,
Beauty—Duty—these make up the soul of it—
But, ah, my little readers, will you mark and understand?

TO MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

[In Imitation of the Poet Laureate's Jubilee Ode.]

By OWEN SEAMAN.

I.

THE early bird got up and whet his beak ;
The early worm awoke, an easy prey ;
This happened any morning in the week,
Much as to-day.

II.

The moke uplift for joy his hinder hoof ;
Shivered the fancy-poodle, freshly shorn ;
The prodigal upon the attic-roof
Mewed to the morn.

III.

His virile note the cock profusely blew ;
The beetle trotted down the kitchen tong ;
The early bird above alluded to
Was going strong.

IV.

All this of course refers to England's isle,
But things were going on across the deep ;
In Egypt—take a case—the crocodile
Was sound asleep.

V.

Buzzed the Hymettian bee ; sat up in bed
The foreign oyster sipping local drains ;
The impious cassowary lay like lead
On Afric's plains.

VI.

A-nutting went the nimble chimpanzee ;—
And what, you ask me, am I driving at ?
Wait on ; in less than twenty minutes we
Shall come to that.

VII.

The bulbous crowfoot drained his dewy cup;
The saxifrage enjoyed a morning crawl;
The ampelopsis slowly sidled up
The garden wall.

VIII.

Her petals wide the periwinkle flung;
Blue gentian winked upon unweanèd lambs;
And there was quite a pleasant stir among
The cryptogams.

IX.

May was the month alike in croft and wild,
When—here, in fact, begins the actual tale—
When forth withal there came an infant child,
A healthy male.

X.

Marred was his ruby countenance, as when
A blushing peony is moist with rain;
And first he strenuously kicked, and then
He kicked again.

XI.

They put the bays upon his barren crest,
Laid on his lap a lexicon of rhyme,
Saying—"You shall with luck attain the quest
In course of time."

XII.

Stolid he gazed, as one that may not know
The meaning of a presage—or is bored;
But when he loosed his lips it was as though
The sea that roared.

XIII.

That dreadful summons to a higher place
He would not, if he could, have spurned away;
But, being a babe, he had, in any case,
Nothing to say.

XIV.

So they continued:—"Yes, on you shall fall
The laurels; you shall clamber by-and-by
Where Southey sits, where lately sat withal
The poet Pye.

XV.

"As yet you are not equal to the task;
A sense of euphony you still must lack;
Nor could you do your duty by the cask
Of yearly sack.

XVI.

"Just now, withal (that's twice we've said 'withal'),
The place is filled by some one sitting there;
Yet poets pass; he, too, will leave his stall
And go elsewhere.

XVII.

"Meanwhile, to trust you with a pointed pen,
Dear babe, would manifestly be absurd;
Besides all well-conducted little men
Are seen, not heard.

XVIII.

"First, how to tutor your prehensile mind
Shall be the object of our deep concern;
We'll teach you grammar; *grammar, you will find,*
Takes years to learn.

XIX.

"'Twixt—mark the pretty word—'twixt boy and man
You shall collate from every source that's known
A blended style; which may be better than
One of your own.

XX.

"Your classic mould shall be completely mixed
Of Rome's robustness and the grace of Greece;
And you shall be a Tory, planted 'twixt
Plenty and peace.

XXI.

"And lo! we call you ALFRED! Kinglihood
Lies in the name of Him, the Good and Great!
You may not rise to greatness; O be good
At any rate!"

XXII.

Eight happy summers passed and Southey too,
And one that had the pull in point of age
Walked in; for Alfred still was struggling through
The grammar-stage.

XXIII.

When William followed out in Robert's wake,
An alien Alfred filled the vacant spot,
Possibly by some clerical mistake,
Possibly not.

XXIV.

Our friend had then achieved but fifteen years,
Nor yet against him was there aught to quote;
For he had uttered in the nation's ears
Not half a note.

XXV.

Adult, no more he dreamed the laurel-wreath,
But wandered, being credentialled to the Bar,
There where the Northern Circuit wheels beneath
The polar star.

XXVI.

One day, asleep in Court, Apollo's crown
All in a briefless moment his he saw;
Then cast his interloping wig adown
And dropped the Law.

XXVII.

Henceforth with loyal pen he laboured for
His England (situated on the main);
Wrote in the tragic, or satiric, or
Some other vein.

XXVIII.

At forty-one he let his feelings go :—
"If he, that other Alfred, ever die,
And I am not appointed, I will know
The reason why!"

XXIX.

Some sixteen further autumns bound their sheaves;
With hope deferred wild battle he had waged,
And written books. At last the laurel-leaves
Were disengaged.

XXX.

Felicitators, bursting through his bowers,
Came on him hoeing roots. With mild surprise,
"Leave me alone," he said, "among my flowers
To botanise."

XXXI.

The Prime Elector, Man of Many Days,
Though Allan's* Muse adorned the Liberal side,
Seizing the swift occasion, left the bays
Unoccupied.

XXXII.

The Peer that followed, having some regard
For humour, hitherto accounted sin,
Produced a knighthood for the blameless bard
Of proud Penbryn.

* Radical member for Gateshead.

XXXIII.

At length a callous Tory chief arose,
Master of caustic jest and cynic gibe,
Looked round the Carlton Club and lightly chose
Its leading scribe.

XXXIV.

And so with heaving heart and happy tears
Our patient Alfred took the tardy spoil,
Though spent with sixty venerable years
Of virtuous toil.

XXXV.

And ever, when marsh-marigolds are cheap
And new potatoes crown the death of May,
If memory serve us, we propose to keep
His natal day.

A CHARADE.

By CHARLES S. CALVERLEY.

SIKES, housebreaker, of Houndsditch,
Habitually swore;
But so surpassingly profane
He never was before,
As on a night in winter,
When—softly as he stole
In the dim light from stair to stair,
Noiseless as boys who in her lair
Seek to surprise a fat old hare—
He barked his shinbone, unaware
Encountering *my whole.*

As pours the Anio plainward,
When rains have swollen the dykes,
So, with such noise, poured down *my first*
Stirred by the shin of Sikes.
The Butler Bibulus heard it;
And straightway ceased to snore,

And sat up, like an egg on end,
While men might count a score:
Then spake he to Tigerius,
A Buttons bold was he:
"Buttons, I think there's thieves about;
Just strike a light and tumble out;
If you can't find one go without,
And see what you may see."

But now was all the household,
Almost, upon its legs,
Each treading carefully about
As if they trod on eggs.
With robe far-streaming issued
Paterfamilias forth;
And close behind him,—stout and true
And tender as the North,—
Came Mrs. P., supporting
On her broad arm her fourth.

Betsy the nurse, who never
From largest beetle ran,
And—conscious p'raps of pleasing caps—
The housemaids, formed the van:
And Bibulus the butler,
His calm brows slightly arched;
(No mortal wight had ere that night
Seen him with shirt unstarched;)
And Bob the shockhaired knifeboy,
Wielding two Sheffield blades,
And James Plush of the sinewy legs,
The love of lady's maids:
And charwoman and chaplain
Stood mingled in a mass,
And "Things," thought he of Houndsditch,
"Is come to a pretty pass."

Beyond all things a baby
Is to the schoolgirl dear;
Next to herself the nursemaid loves
Her dashing grenadier;
Only with life the sailor
Parts from the British flag;
While one hope lingers, the cracksman's
fingers
Drop not his hard-earned swag.

But, as hares do *my second*
Thro' green Calabria's copses;
As females vanish at the sight
Of short-horns and of wopses;
So, dropping forks and teaspoons,
The pride of Houndsditch fled,
Dumbfoundered by the hue and cry
He'd raised up overhead.

. . . .

They gave him—did the judges—
As much as was his due.
And, Saxon, shouldst thou e'er be led
To deem this tale untrue;
Then—any night in winter,
When the cold north wind blows,
And bairns are told to keep out cold
By tallowing the nose:
When round the fire the elders
Are gathered in a bunch,
And the girls are doing crochet,
And the boys are reading Punch:—
Go thou and look in Leech's book;
There haply shalt thou spy
A stout man on a staircase stand,
With aspect anything but bland,
And rub his right shin with his hand,
To witness if I lie.

THE JOURNALIST ABROAD.

By A. D. Godley

When Parson, Doctor, Don,—
In short, when all the nation
Goes gaily off upon
Its annual vacation,
Their cares professional
No more avail to bind them:
They go at Pleasure's call
And leave their trades behind them.

Like them, departs afar
From England's fogs and vapours
The literary star,
The writer for the papers:
But not, like them, at home
Leaves he his calling's fetters:
Nought can release him from
The tyranny of Letters!

When classic scenes amid
For rest and peace he hankers,
Amari aliquid
His joys æsthetic cankers:
Whate'er he sees, he knows
He has to write upon it
A paragraph of prose
Or possibly a sonnet:

By mountain lakelets blue,
'Mid wild romantic heath, he's
A martyr always to
Scribendi cacoethes:
The Naiad-haunted stream
Or lonely mountain-top he
Considers as a theme
Available for "copy."

If on the sunlit main
With ardour rapt he gazes,
He's torturing his brain
For neat pictorial phrases:
When in a ship or boat
He navigates the briny
(And here 'tis his to quote
Examples set by Heine)

While fellow-passengers
Lie stretched in mere prostration,
He duly registers
Each horrible sensation—
He notes his qualms with care,
And bids the public know 'em
In "Thoughts on Mal de Mer,"
Or "Nausea: a Poem."

. . . .

Such is his earthly lot:
Nor is it wholly certain
If Death for him or not
Rings down the final curtain,
Or if, when hence he's fled
To worlds or worse or better,
He'll send per Mr. St—d
A crisp descriptive letter!

THE POET AND THE CRITICS.

By Austin Dobson.

If those who wield the Rod forget,
'Tis truly—*Quis custodiet?*

A certain Bard (as Bards will do)
Dressed up his Poems for Review.

His Type was plain, his Title clear
His Frontispiece by FOURDRINIER.
Moreover, he had on the Back
A sort of sheepskin Zodiac ;—
A Mask, a Harp, an Owl,—in fine,
A neat and "classical" design.
But the *in*-Side?—Well, good or bad,
The Inside was the best he had :
Much Memory,—more Imitation ;—
Some Accidents of Inspiration ;—
Some Essays in that finer Fashion
Where Fancy takes the place of Passion ;—
And some (of course) more roughly wrought
To catch the Advocates of Thought.

In the less-crowded Age of ANNE,
Our Bard had been a favoured Man ;
Fortune, more chary with the Sickle,
Had ranked him next to GARTH or TICKELL ;—
He might have even dared to hope
A Line's Malignity from POPE !
But now, when Folks are hard to please,
And Poets are as thick as—Peas,
The Fates are not so prone to flatter,
Unless, indeed, a Friend No Matter.

The Book, then, had a minor Credit :
The Critics took, and doubtless read it.
Said A.—*These little Songs display*
No lyric Gift ; but still a Ray,—
A Promise. They will do no Harm.
'Twas kindly, if not *very* warm.
Said B.—*The Author may, in time,*
Acquire the Rudiments of Rhyme :
His Efforts now are scarcely Verse.
This, certainly, could not be worse.

Sorely discomfited, our Bard
Worked for another ten Years—hard.

Meanwhile the World, unmoved, went on;
New Stars shot up, shone out, were gone;
Before his second Volume came
His Critics had forgot his Name:
And who, forsooth, is bound to know
Each Laureate *in embryo!*
They tried and tested him, no less,—
The pure Assayers of the Press.
Said A.—*The Author may, in Time*
Or much what B. had said of Rhyme.
Then B.—*These little Songs display*
And so forth, in the sense of A.
Over the Bard I throw a Veil.

There is no MORAL to this Tale.

THE HOUND'S TAIL'S CASE.

By SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.

The Plaintiff.

O WHERE, O where is my leetle hound's tail
That you've made of no worth to be,
From a hound of fame, and Dutch Oven his name,
To a dog of low degree?
Mit your negligent shove-car trundling around,
You trod on his tail full sore;
Dutch Oven was worth to me sixty pound,
And he never will course no more.

The Railway Company.

The tail and the claim they are both cut short,
You paid us a common dog's fee;
Two pounds you may have, and they lie in Court,
For the balance you signed us free.

And if more you meant, it was five per cent.
You'd have paid on our special scale
('Twould make shillings threescore and other four)
To insure that little hound's tail.

The Plaintiff's Counsel.

O where, O where's our little case gone?
The Company's terms prevail,
The Divisional Court have made us their sport
And mangled and clipped our tail.
But, though shrewd be our haps, and conditions be traps
When negligent porters shove,
And we can't mend the fact, yet we'll go on the Act—
There's a Court of Appeal above.

The Court of Appeal.

Now here, O here's an unanimous voice
Against this proud Company;
They takes your money and gives no choice
In reason, that we can see;
But will break, steal, kill at their servants' will,
Or a monstrous rate will fix—
Eighteenth of the Queen, it shall well be seen,
Was made for to stop such tricks.

The Reporter.

But where, O where is the tailless hound,
And what shall be done with he?
Shall a place for him in the Court be found,
The Lords Justices' dog to be?
With glory increased, a reported beast,
Though he course no more on ground,
He shall hunt like a spectre the grasping Director,
Dutch Oven the tailless hound.

THE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS.

By MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

FIRST there's the Bible,
And then the Koran,
Odgers on Libel,
Pope's Essay on Man,
Confessions of Rousseau,
The Essays of Lamb,
Robinson Crusoe
And Omar Khayyam,
Volumes of Shelley
And Venerable Bede,
Machiavelli
And Captain Mayne Reid,
Fox upon Martyrs
And Liddell and Scott,
Stubbs on the Charters,
The works of La Motte,
The Seasons by Thomson,
And Paul de Verlaine,
Theodore Mommsen
And Clemens (Mark Twain),
The Rocks of Hugh Miller,
The Mill on the Floss,
The Poems of Schiller,
The Iliados,
Don Quixote (Cervantes),
La Pucelle by Voltaire,
Inferno (that's Dante's),
And Vanity Fair,
Conybeare-Howson,
Brillat-Savarin,
And Baron Munchausen,
Mademoiselle De Maupin,
The Dramas of Marlowe,
The Three Musketeers,

Clarissa Harlowe,
And the Pioneers,
Sterne's Tristram Shandy,
The Ring and the Book,
And Handy Andy,
And Captain Cook,
The Plato of Jowett,
And Mill's Pol. Econ.,
The Haunts of Howitt,
The Encheiridion,
Lothair by Disraeli,
And Boccaccio,
The Student's Paley,
And Westward Ho!
The Pharmacopœia,
Macaulay's Lays,
Of course The Medea,
And Sheridan's Plays,
The Odes of Horace,
And Verdant Green,
The Poems of Morris,
The Faery Queen,
The Stones of Venice,
Natural History (White's),
And then Pendennis,
The Arabian Nights,
Cicero's Orations,
Plain Tales from the Hills,
The Wealth of Nations,
And Byles on Bills,
As in a Glass Darkly,
Demosthenes' Crown,
The Treatise of Berkeley,
Tom Hughes's Tom Brown,
The Mahabharata,
The Humour of Hook,

The Kreutzer Sonata,
And Lalla Rookh,
Great Battles by Creasy,
And Hudibras,
And Midshipman Easy,
And Rasselas,
Shakespeare *in extenso*
And the Æneid,
And Euclid (Colenso),
The Woman who Did,
Poe's Tales of Mystery,
Then Rabelais,
Guizot's French History,
And Men of the Day,
Rienzi, by Lytton,
The Poems of Burns,
The Story of Britain,
The Journey (that's Sterne's),
The House of Seven Gables,
Carroll's Looking-glass,
Æsop his Fables,
And Leaves of Grass,
Departmental Ditties,
The Woman in White,
The Tale of Two Cities,
Ships that Pass in the Night,
Meredith's Feverel,
Gibbon's Decline,
Walter Scott's Peveril,
And—some verses of mine.

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

By THOMAS HOOD

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,
"That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl,

"Summers it is, I know him by his knock,
Comers like him are welcome as the day!
Lizzy! go down and open the street door,
Busy I am to any one but *him!*
Know him you must—he's been so often here;
Show him upstairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stairs;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
"Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—
Drury,—or Covent Garden—darling man!—
Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul
Tremble, in Richard or the frenzied Moor—
Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce
Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's child—
Kelly the natural—to witness whom
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—
Cooper the sensible—and Walter Knowles
Super in William Tell—now rightly told.
Better—perchance from Andrews, brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—

Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card,—thank heaven,—engages me to-night!
Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—
Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the new Ballet I long to see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door?"

Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl
Listen'd low-bending o'er the topmost stair.
Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,
Plainly she hears this question and reply:—
"Axes your pardon, sir, but what d'ye want?"
"Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian, army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade ;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavour engineers essay
For fame, for fortune,—fighting, furious fray :
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God
How honours Heaven heroic hardihood !
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill !
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lives ;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines.
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought :
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds :
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train !
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine !
Vanish vain victory ! vanish victory vain !
Why wish we warfare ? Wherefore welcome we
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield, ye youths ! ye yeomen, yield your yell !
Zeno's, Zarpatus', Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting—arms against appeal.

BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

By Thomas Hood.

Even is come ; and from the dark Park, hark
The signal of the setting sun—one gun !

And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.
Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall Mall Sal,
Who, hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But, frightened by Policeman B3, flee,
And while they're going whisper low, "No go!"
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble,—"drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize-size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy-nilly;—
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows woes!



NV

(IV.)

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

By GEORGE CANNING.

Friend of Humanity.

"NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knife-grinder.

'Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd
first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

THE LAY OF THE CHEESE.

By W. M. PRAED (June, 1825).

THE Pope, that pagan full of pride,
From whom may Heaven defend us,
Did lay one summer eventide,
A horrid plot to end us;
O'Connell came and talked his fill;
Sir Francis Burdett made a Bill;
And honest men felt great alarms,
Both for their faiths and for their farms,
Solid men of Cheshire!

We heard around the savage cries
Of men with ragged breeches,
Who practised the barbarities
Of making hay—and speeches;
And Popish priests, disguised like Whigs,
Prepared to steal the Parson's pigs,
To overthrow the Church and steeple
And break the backs of upright people,
Solid men of Cheshire!

Then up the Heir Apparent got
Of Britain's wide dominion,
And said that Heaven and Earth should not
Demolish his opinion;
That Heirs Apparent were not meant
To listen to an argument,
And bringing Royal Dukes to reason,
He thought, was little short of treason—
Solid men of Cheshire.

And what reward did men devise
For such a peroration,
Which saved their lives and liberties
From transubstantiation?

A long address, filled full of beauties,
Expressive of their loves and duties ;
And also a prodigious cheese,
As heavy as Sir Harcourt Lees—
Solid men of Cheshire.

Rank makes a virtue of a sin ;
Small labour it would cost one
To prove that Peers a cheese may win,
As Æsop's magpie lost one.
The Prince and pie perhaps inherit
A voice of nearly equal merit ;
A fox induced the bird to puke ;
A lawyer bammed the Royal Duke—
Solid men of Cheshire.

" Blest cheese," said girls in grogram vests,
" Rub off your rural shyness ;
And feast his Royal Highness' guests,
And feast his Royal Highness.
'Tis thine to catch the sweets that slip
From Mr. Peel's melodious lip,
The Chancellor's Bœotian thunders,
And Blomfield's Æschylean blunders—
Solid men of Cheshire.

"The Parmesan upon the board
Shall tasteless seem before thee,
And many a spiritual lord
Shall breathe a blessing o'er thee ;
A hallowed spot the shrine shall be,
Where'er a shrine is made for thee,
And none but Reverend Rats shall dare
To taste a single morsel there—
Solid men of Cheshire.

Alas the fatal sisters frowned
Upon the promised pleasure;
The creditors came darkly round,
And seized the pondrous treasure!
But yet to ease the Duke's distress,
They forwarded the long address,
Because—to strip the fact of feigning—
The paper was not worth detaining!
Solid men of Cheshire!

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

By W. M. Praed (July, 1825).

Ye Dons and ye doctors, ye Provosts and Proctors,
Who're paid to monopolize knowledge,
Come make opposition by voice and petition
To the radical infidel College;
Come put forth your powers in aid of the towers
Which boast of their Bishops and Martyrs,
And arm all the terrors of privileged errors
Which live by the wax of their Charters.

Let Mackintosh battle with Canning and Vattel,
Let Brougham be a friend to the "niggers,"
Burdett cure the nation's misrepresentations,
And Hume cut a figure in figures;
But let them not babble of Greek to the rabble,
Nor teach the mechanics their letters;
The labouring classes were born to be asses,
And not to be aping their betters.

'Tis a terrible crisis for Cam and for Isis!
Fat butchers are learning dissection;
And looking-glass makers become Sabbath-breakers
To study the rules of reflection;

"Sin : ϕ" and "sin : θ" what sins can be sweeter?
Are taught to the poor of both sexes,
And weavers and sinners jump up from their dinners
To flirt with their Y's and their X's.

Chuckfarthing advances the doctrine of chances
In spite of the staff of the beadle;
And menders of breeches between the long stitches
Write books on the laws of the needle;
And chandlers all chatter of luminous matter,
Who communicate none to their tallows,
And rogues get a notion of the pendulum's motion
Which is only of use at the gallows.

The impurest of attics read pure mathematics,
The ginshops are turned into cloisters,
A Crawford next summer will fill you your rummer,
A Coplestone open your oysters.
The bells of Old Bailey are practising gaily
The erudite tones of St. Mary's;
The Minories any day will rear you a Kennedy,
And Bishopsgate blossom with Airys.

The nature of granites, the tricks of the planets,
The forces of steams and of gases,
The engines mechanical, the long words botanical,
The ranging of beetles in classes,
The delicate junctions of symbols and functions,
The impossible roots of equations—
Are these proper questions for Cockney digestions,
Fit food for a cit.'s lucubrations?

The eloquent pages of time-honoured sages
Embalmed by some critical German,
Old presents from Brunckius, new features from Monckius,
The squabbles of Porson with Hermann,

Your Alphas and Betas, your Canons of Metres,
Your Infinite Powers of Particles,
Shall these and such-like work make journeymen strike work
And 'prentices tear up their articles?

But oh! since fair Science will cruelly fly hence
To smile upon vagrants and gipsies,
Since knights of the hammer must handle their grammar,
And nightmen account for eclipses,
Our handicraft neighbours shall share in our labours
If they leave us the whole of the honey,
And the *sans-culotte* caitiff shall start for the plate, if
He puts in no claim to *plate-money*.

Ye Halls, on whose dais the Don of to-day is
To feed on the beef and the benison,
Ye Common-room glories, where beneficed Tories
Digest their belief and their venison,
Ye duels scholastic, where quibbles monastic
Are asserted with none to confute them,
Ye grave Congregations, where frequent taxations
Are settled with none to dispute them—

Far hence be the season when Radical treason
Of port and of pudding shall bilk ye,
When the weavers aforesaid shall taste of our boar's head,
The silk-winders swallow our *silky*,
When the mob shall eat faster than any Vice-master,
The watermen try to out-tope us,
When Campbell shall dish up a bowl of our *bishop*,
Or Brougham and Co. cope with our *copus*.

A SONG OF IMPOSSIBILITIES.

By W. M. PRAED (January, 1827).

LADY, I loved you all last year,
How honestly and well—
Alas! would weary you to hear,
And torture me to tell;
I raved beneath the midnight sky,
I sang beneath the limes—
Orlando in my lunacy,
And Petrarch in my rhymes.
But all is over! When the sun
Dries up the boundless main,
When black is white, false-hearted one,
I may be yours again!

When passion's early hopes and fears
Are not derided things;
When truth is found in falling tears,
Or faith in golden rings;
When the dark Fates that rule our way
Instruct me where they hide
One woman that would ne'er betray,
One friend that never lied;
When summer shines without a cloud,
And bliss without a pain;
When worth is noticed in a crowd,
I may be yours again!

When science pours the light of day
Upon the lords of lands;
When Huskisson is heard to say
That Lethbridge understands;
When wrinkles work their way in youth,
Or Eldon's in a hurry;

When lawyers represent the truth,
Or Mr. Sumner Surrey;
When aldermen taste eloquence
Or bricklayers champagne;
When common law is common sense,
I may be yours again!

When learned judges play the beau,
Or learned pigs the tabor;
When traveller Bankes beats Cicero,
Or Mr. Bishop Weber;
When sinking funds discharge a debt,
Or female hands a bomb;
When bankrupts study the *Gazette*,
Or colleges *Tom Thumb;*
When little fishes learn to speak,
Or poets not to feign;
When Dr. Geldart construes Greek,
I may be yours again!

When Pole and Thornton honour cheques,
Or Mr. Const a rogue;
When Jericho's in Middlesex,
Or minuets in vogue;
When Highgate goes to Devonport,
Or fashion to Guildhall;
When argument is heard at Court,
Or Mr. Wynn at all;
When Sidney Smith forgets to jest,
Or farmers to complain;
When kings that are are not the best,
I may be yours again!

When peers from telling money shrink,
Or monks from telling lies;
When hydrogen begins to sink,
Or Grecian scrip to rise;

When German poets cease to dream,
 Americans to guess ;
When Freedom sheds her holy beam
 On Negroes, and the Press ;
When there is any fear of Rome,
 Or any hope of Spain ;
When Ireland is a happy home,
 I may be yours again !

When you can cancel what has been,
 Or alter what must be,
Or bring once more that vanished scene,
 Those withered joys to me ;
When you can tune the broken lute,
 Or deck the blighted wreath,
Or rear the garden's richest fruit,
 Upon a blasted heath ;
When you can lure the wolf at bay
 Back to his shattered chain,
To-day may then be yesterday—
 I may be yours again !

UTOPIA.

By W. M. Praed (April, 1827).

If I could scare the light away,
 No sun should ever shine ;
If I could bid the clouds obey,
 Thick darkness should be mine ;
Where'er my weary footsteps roam,
 I hate whate'er I see ;
And Fancy builds a fairer home
 In Slumber's hour for me.

I had a vision yesternight
Of a lovelier land than this,
Where heaven was clothed in warmth and light,
Where earth was full of bliss;
And every tree was rich with fruits,
And every field with flowers,
And every zephyr wakened lutes
In passion-haunted bowers.

I clambered up a lofty rock
And did not find it steep;
I read through a page and a-half of Locke
And did not fall asleep;
I said whate'er I may but feel,
I paid whate'er I owe,
And I danced one day an Irish reel
With the gout in every toe.

And I was more than six feet high,
And fortunate, and wise;
And I had a voice of melody
And beautiful black eyes;
My horses like the lightning went,
My barrels carried true,
And I held my tongue at an argument,
And winning cards at loo.

I saw an old Italian priest
Who spoke without disguise;
I dined with a judge who swore, like Best,
All libels should be lies;
I bought for a penny a two-penny loaf
Of wheat—and nothing more;
I danced with a female *philosophe*
Who was not quite a bore.

The kitchens there had richer roast,
The sheep wore whiter wool;
I read a witty *Morning Post*,
And an innocent *John Bull;*
The gaolers had nothing at all to do;
The hangmen looked forlorn,
And the Peers had passed a vote or two
For freedom of trade in corn.

There was a crop of wheat, which grew
Where plough was never brought;
There was a noble Lord, who knew
What he was never taught;
A scheme appeared in the *Gazette*
For a lottery without blanks:
And a Parliament had lately met
Without a single Bankes.

And there were kings who never went
To cuffs for half-a-crown;
And lawyers who were eloquent
Without a wig and gown;
And sportsmen who forbore to praise
Their greyhounds and their guns,
And poets who deserved the bays,
And did not dread the duns.

And boroughs were bought without a test,
And no man feared the Pope,
And the Irish cabins were all possest
Of liberty, and soap;
And the Chancellor, feeling very sick,
Had just resigned the seals;
And a clever little Catholic
Was hearing Scotch Appeals.

I went one day to a court of law
Where a fee had been refused;
And a public school I really saw
Where the rod was never used:
And the sugar still was very sweet,
Though all the slaves were free;
And all the folk in Downing Street
Had learnt the Rule of Three.

There love had never a fear or doubt;
December breathed like June;
The Prima Donna ne'er was out
Of temper—or of tune;
The streets were paved with mutton-pies,
Potatoes ate like pine,
Nothing looked black but woman's eyes
Nothing grew old but wine.

There was no fault in the Penal Code,
No dunce in a public school,
No dust or dirt on a private road,
No shame in Wellesley Pole.
They showed me a *figurante*, whose name
Had never known disgrace,
And a gentleman of spotless fame
With Mr. Bochsa's face.

It was an idle dream; but thou,
The worshipped one, wert there,
With thy dark clear eyes and beaming brow,
White neck and floating hair;
And oh, I had an honest heart,
And a house of Portland stone;
And thou wert dear—as still thou art;
And more than dear—my own!

Oh bitterness! The morning broke
Alike on boor and bard;
And thou wert married when I woke,
And all the rest was marred;
And toil and trouble, noise and steam,
Came back with the coming ray;
And, if I thought the dead could dream,
I'd hang myself to-day!

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

By W. M. Praed (December, 1830).

We're sick of this distressing state
Of order and repose;
We have not had enough of late
Of blunders or of blows;
We can't endure to pass our life
In such a humdrum way;
We want a little pleasant strife—
The Whigs are in to-day!

Our worthy fathers were content
With all the world's applause;
They thought they had a parliament,
And liberty, and laws.
It's no such thing; we've wept and groaned
Beneath a despot's sway;
We've all been whipped, and starved, and stoned—
The Whigs are in to-day!

We used to fancy Englishmen
Had broken Europe's chain,
And won a battle, now and then,
Against the French in Spain;

Oh no! we never ruled the waves,
Whatever people say;
We've all been despicable slaves—
The Whigs are in to-day!

It's time for us to see the things
Which other folk have seen;
It's time we should cashier our kings,
And build our guillotine;
We'll abrogate Police and Peers,
And vote the Church away;
We'll hang the parish overseers—
The Whigs are in to-day!

We'll put the landlords to the rout;
We'll burn the College Halls;
We'll turn St. James's inside out,
And batter down St. Paul's.
We'll hear no more of Bench or Bar;
The troops shall have no pay:
We'll turn adrift our men of war—
The Whigs are in to-day!

We fear no bayonet or ball
From those who fight for hire;
For Baron Brougham has told them all
On no account to fire.
Lord Tenterden looks vastly black;
But Baron Brougham, we pray,
Will strip the ermine from his back—
The Whigs are in to-day!

Go pluck the jewels from the Crown,
The colours from the mast,
And let the Three per Cents. come down—
We can but break at last.

If Cobbett is the first of men,
The second is Lord Grey;
Oh must we not be happy, when
The Whigs are in to-day!

PLEDGES.

BY A TEN-POUND HOUSEHOLDER.

By W. M. PRAED (September, 1832).

WHEN a gentleman comes
With his trumpet and drums,
And hangs out a flag at the Dragon,
Some pledges, no doubt,
We must get him to spout
To the shop-keepers, out of a wagon.

For although an M.P.
May be wiser than we
Till the House is dissolved, in December,
Thenceforth, we're assured,
Since Reform is secured,
We'll be wiser by far than our member.

A pledge must be had
That, since times are so bad,
He'll prepare a long speech, to improve them
And since taxes, at best,
Are a very poor jest,
He'll take infinite pains to remove them.

He must promise and vow
That he'll never allow
A Bishop to ride in his carriage;
That he'll lighten our cares
By abolishing prayers,
And extinguishing baptism and marriage.

He must solemnly say
That he'll vote no more pay
To the troops, in their ugly red jackets ;
And that none may complain
On the banks of the Seine,
He'll dismast all our ships, but the packets.

That the labourer's arm
May be stout on the farm,
That our commerce may wake from stagnation,
That our trades may revive,
And our looms look alive,
He'll be pledged to all free importation.

And that city and plain
May recover again
From the squabbles of Pitts and of Foxes,
He'll be pledged, amidst cheers,
To demolish the Peers,
And give us the balls and the boxes.

Some questions our wit
May have chanced to omit ;
So, for fear he should happen to stumble,
He must promise to go
With Hume, Harvey, and Co.,
And be their obedient and humble.

We must bind him, poor man,
To obey their divan,
However their worships may task him,
To swallow their lies
Without any surprise,
And to vote black is white, when they ask him.

These hints I shall lay,
In a forcible way,
Before an intelligent quorum,
Who meet to debate
Upon matters of State,
To-night, at the National Forum.

"YOU ARE YOUNG, KAISER WILLIAM."

By Mostyn T. Pigott.

"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man exclaimed,
"And your wisdom-teeth barely are through,
And yet by your deeds the whole world is inflamed—
Do you think this is proper of you?"
"As a baby I doted on playing with fire,"
Replied the irascible prince,
"And though I was spanked by my excellent sire,
I've been doing the same ever since."

"You are young," said the Sage, "and your juvenile legs
Are not what one would call fully grown;
Yet you point out to Grandmamma how to suck eggs—
Why adopt this preposterous tone?"
"As a child," said the youth, "I perceived that my head
Wouldn't ever allow me to learn,
So I made up my mind to start teaching instead,
And I've taught everybody in turn."

"You are young," said the Sage, "as I mentioned just now,
Yet with relatives over the sea
You have recently kicked up a terrible row—
Do you think that such things ought to be?"
"In my yacht," said the youth, "I will oftentimes range,
And at Cowes I have gybed once or twice.
So it came to my mind that by way of a change
To gibe at a Bull would be nice."

"You are young," said the Seer, "but the Post you ignore,
And have got an extravagant trick
Of using up telegraph-forms by the score—
Why are you so painfully quick?"
"As a child," replied William, "they taught me to write
An entirely illegible scrawl;
But a wire which the Post Office people indite
Can be read without trouble by all."

"You are young," said the Sage, "but you cling to the view
That the whole of the world must be yours;
Now show how the Transvaal's connected with you,
And what business you have with the Boers."
"I am tired of your questions and sick of your din,"
Answered William: "obey my behest—
Be off! or I'll treat you as one of my kin,
And order your instant arrest!"

GRÆCULUS ESURIENS.

By A. D. Godley.

There came a Grecian Admiral to pale Britannia's shore—
In Eighteen Ninety-eight he came, and anchored off the Nore;
An ultimatum he despatched (I give the text complete),
Addressing it "Τῷ Κυρίῳ, the Premier, Downing-street."

"Whereas the sons of Liberty with indignation view
The number of dependencies which governed are by you—

With Hellas (Freedom's chosen land) we purpose to unite
Some part of those dependencies—let's say the Isle of Wight."

"The Isle of Wight!" said Parliament, and shuddered at the word;
"Her Majesty's at Osborne, too—of course, the thing's absurd!"
And this response Lord Salisbury eventually gave:
"Such transfers must attended be by difficulties grave."

"My orders," said the Admiral, "are positive and flat:
I am not in the least deterred by obstacles like that:
We're really only acting in the interests of peace:
Expansion is a nation's law—we've aims sublime in Greece."

With that Britannia blazed amain with patriotic flames!
They built a hundred ironclads and launched them in the Thames:
They girded on their fathers' swords, both commoners and peers;
They mobilized an Army Corps, and drilled the Volunteers!

The Labour Party armed itself, invasion's path to bar;
"Truth" and the "Daily Chronicle" proclaimed a Righteous War;
Sir William Harcourt stumped the towns that sacred fire to fan,
And Mr. Gladstone every day sent telegrams from Cannes.

But ere they marched to meet the foe and drench
the land with gore,
Outspake that Grecian Admiral—from somewhere
near the Nore—
And "Ere," he said, "hostilities are ordered to
commence,
Just hear a last appeal unto your educated
sense:—

"You can't intend," he said, said he, "to turn
your Maxims on
The race that fought at Salamis, that bled at
Marathon!
You can't propose with brutal force to drive from
off your seas
The men of Homer's gifted line—the sons of
Socrates!"

Britannia heard the patriot's plea; she checked
her murderous plans:
Homer's a name to conjure with, 'mong British
artisans:
Her Army too, profoundly moved by arguments
like these,
Said 'e'd be blowed afore 'e'd fight the sons of
Socrates.

They cast away their fathers' swords, those com-
moners and peers,—
Demobilized their Army Corps—dismissed their
Volunteers:
Soft Sentiment o'erthrew the bars that nations
disunite,
And Greece, in Freedom's sacred name, annexed
the Isle of Wight.

TO THE LORD OF POTSDAM.

[On sending a certain telegram.]

By Owen Seaman.

Majestic Monarch! whom the other gods,
For fear of their immediate removal,
Consulting hourly, seek your awful nod's
Approval;

Lift but your little finger up to strike,
And lo! "the massy earth is riven" (Shelley),
The habitable globe is shaken like
A jelly.

By your express permission for the last
Eight years the sun has regularly risen;
And editors, that questioned this, have passed
To prison.

In Art you simply have to say, "I shall!"
Beethoven's fame is rendered transitory;
And Titian cloys beside your clever all-
-egory.

We hailed you Admiral: your eagle sight
Foresaw Her Majesty's benign intentions;
A uniform was ready of the right
Dimensions.

Your wardrobe shines with all the shapes and shades
That genius can fix in fancy suitings;
For *levées*, false alarums, full parades
And shootings.

But, save the habit marks the man of gore,
Your spurs are yet to win, my callow Kaiser!
Of fighting in the field you know no more
Than I, Sir!

When Grandpapa was thanking God with hymns
For gallant Frenchmen dying in the ditches,
Your nurse had barely braced your little limbs
In breeches.

And doubtless, where he roosts beside his bock,
The Game Old Bird that played the leading fiddle
Smiles grimly as he hears your perky cock-
-a-diddle.

Be well advised, my youthful friend, abjure
These tricks that smack of Cleon and the tanners;
And let the Dutch instruct a German Boor
In manners.

Nor were you meant to solve the nations' knots,
Or be the Earth's Protector, willy-nilly;
You only make yourself and royal Pots-
-dam silly.

Our racing yachts are not at present dressed
In bravery of bunting to amuse you,
Nor can the licence of an honoured guest
Excuse you.

But if your words are more than wanton play
And you would like to meet the old sea-rover,
Name any course from Delagoa Bay
To Dover.

Meanwhile observe a proper continence;
We ask no more; there never was a rumour
Of asking Hohenzollerns for a sense
Of humour!



(V.)

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

By T. Love Peacock.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them,

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.

He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen ;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

A BALLAD OF SIR KAY.

By H. Newman Howard.

PART I.

What, ho ?
Kay the Seneschal,
Fare ye forth in the woods alone ?
Yea, 'sooth,
And who shall hinder me ?
Hardier Knight, by the Rood, there is none !

Tangled thorn, and the gliding snake,
And the whistle of owls he liketh not,
Nor the glimmer of eyes in the ashen brake,
Nor the hooves of tuskèd boars, God wot !

Wit ye well
A giant is bellowing!
Take to thy heels thou brave Sir Kay!
Ride! Hide!
Belike he is following:
Knights are his caudle, and fattened to flay.

Eftsoons the woful echoes die,—
The birds are merry again, I ween:
Braver Knight there is none than I:
Creep on thy belly the boughs between.

Hush! Ho!
Logrin is lying there,—
Logrin the giant, shaggy of head:
King's Son
Lohot beside him:
Which is the sleeper? Which is the dead?

Creep and crawl, a blade in thy teeth,—
Reach ye an arm, and sever a neck.
Doughtily done!—Now delve in the heath:
Bury a body, and no man shall reck.

Hack thy shield,
Gallop to Camelot,
Brag of the buffets ye got in the fray;
Look ye, Knights,
Tied to my saddle bow,
Head of the giant, slain by Sir Kay!

PART II.

King Arthur sits at his table round,
A year and a day hath passed and gone,
And Kay the Seneschal, still renowned,
A second marvellous deed hath done:

Cometh a maiden, and in her hand
A coffer, carven of gold ywis:
—O King, I have travelled many lands,
But never a Knight may open this!

Stand forth, Sir Lancelot, quoth the King:
Thou art full hardy and deft withal;
Right craftily shalt thou do this thing.
—But, alack, it might not so befall.

Then followeth many a cunning elf,—
Galahad, Bors and wight Gawain;
And last of them all the King himself:
Nor ever the lid might open amain.

Then spake the lady: The saying is true
"A mettlesome carle is he that shall come
To open the coffer," for lo he slew
The hardiest Knight in Christendom!

Quoth Arthur, Let call the brave Sir Kay:
A coffer of gold for a giant's head,
In sooth were a guerdon meet to pay:—
And the Seneschal nought thereto gainsaid.

Shout, Ho!
Kay the Seneschal,
Kay who Logrin the giant bestrid,—
Kay hath taken it,
Kay hath conquered it,
Kay hath opened the golden lid!

Grammercy, Knight,—King Arthur cried,—
'Tis mickle fame that deed shall win!
—The coffer hath gotten a scroll inside,
And the grimly head of a Knight therein!

What, Ho!
Read ye the writing there!
"I AM SIR LOHOT: FOULLY I BLEED:
SLAIN ASLEEP:
LYING ON LOGRIN:
WHO OPENS THE COFFER OWNS TO THE DEED.'

The first they saw of the bold Sir Kay
Was a smile and an orgulous port;
The last they saw of the Knight that day
Was his heels as he fled the court.

* * * * *

Sing, Ho!
The story is told!
Rascals may thrive for a year and a day:
Shout, Ho!
In their coffers of gold
Are the head of a corpse, and the heels of Sir Kay.

EPIGRAM.

By An Oxonian (1715).

King George, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

REPLY.

By Sir Thomas Browne, of Cambridge.

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories know no argument but force;
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

I HAE LAID A HERRING IN SAUT.

By James Tytler.

I hae laid a herring in saut—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I hae brew'd a forpit* o' maut,
And I canna come ilka day to woo:

* Measure.

I hae a calf that will soon be a cow—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I hae a stook, and I'll soon hae a mowe,*
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:

I hae a house upon yon moor—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:
I hae a but, and I hae a ben—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
A penny to keep, and a penny to spen',
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:

I hae a hen wi' a happitie†-leg—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
That ilka day lays me an egg,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:
I hae a cheese upon my skelf—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

By Sir Alexander Boswell.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
 Wha's they I see?
Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,
Thought he was cunning as the deil,
And here they cam', awa' to steal
 Jenny's bawbee.

* Rick. † Lame.

The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,
But now he thocht to clout his goun
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand nag and siller whip,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie 't till a tree!
What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'!
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!"—
He thocht to pay what he was *awn*
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,
A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,*
And jaupit† a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

* Puddles. † Bemired.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The Fool he cried, "Tehee!
I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him in the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence;
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,*
And she birled her bawbee.

THE LADY'S POCKET ADONIS.

By DOCTOR MAGINN.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman,
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping,
roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue,
the fighting, rioting Irishman.

* Jelly.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs,
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
Oh the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle, O;
And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman,
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he'd filled it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE.

By Father Prout.

I.

'Twas on a windy night,
 At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door.
 Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
 And this was part of his wailings :—
 Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
 Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

II.

Oh ! list to what I say,
 Charms you've got like Venus ;
Own your love you may,
 There's but the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep
 Snug in bed and snoring ;
Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.
 Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
 Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

III.

I've got a pig and a sow,
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em
A calf and a brindled cow,
 And a cabin too, to keep 'em ;

Sunday hat and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.
 Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
 Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

IV.

I've got an acre of ground,
 I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
 I've got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whisky to make us gaily;
I've got a feather bed
 And a handsome new shillelagh.
 Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
 Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

V.

You've got a charming eye,
 You've got some spelling and reading
You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As everybody's knowing;
You've got a decent tongue
 Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
 Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
 Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

VI.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye;
But, och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover;
To-morrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GÖTTINGEN

By GEORGE CANNING.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Göttingen—
—niversity of Göttingen.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Göttingen—
—niversity of Göttingen.

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—niversity of Göttingen—
—niversity of Göttingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U—
—niversity of Göttingen—
—niversity of Göttingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
-tor, law professor at the U—
—niversity of Göttingen—
—niversity of Göttingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Göttingen—
—niversity of Göttingen.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

By THOMAS HOOD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

She said, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray,
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But now a long farewell!
For you will be my death :—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went home from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben at four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

WHEN moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;

When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
 Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
 Dost thou remember Jeames?

I mark thee in the Marble All,
 Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
 Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
 With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
 Dost thou remember Jeames?

Away! I may not tell thee hall
 This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
 That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
 That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
 Dost thou remember Jeames?

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

By Lord Byron.

THERE is an awkward thing which much perplexes,
 Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved
By turns the difference of the several sexes;
 Neither can show quite *how* they would be loved,
The sensual for a short time but connects us—
 The sentimental boasts to be unmoved;
But both together form a kind of centaur,
Upon whose back 't is better not to venture.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*
Is that for which the sex are always seeking:
But how to fill up that same vacant part?
There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in,
Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
They run before the wind through high seas breaking;
And when they have made the shore through every shock,
T is odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

There is a flower call'd "Love in Idleness,"
For which see Shakespeare's ever-blooming garden;—
I will not make his great description less,
And beg his British godship's humble pardon,
If, in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
I touch a single leaf where he is warden;—
But though the flower is different, with the French
Or Swiss Rousseau, cry "*Voilà la Pervenche!*"

Eureka! I have found it! What I mean
To say is, not that love is idleness,
But that in love such idleness has been
An accessory, as I have cause to guess,
Hard labour 's an indifferent go-between;
Your men of business are not apt to express
Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the Argo,
Convey'd Medea as her supercargo.

"*Beatus ille procul!*" from "*negotiis*,"
Saith Horace: the great little poet 's wrong;
His other maxim, "*Noscitur a sociis*,"
Is much more to the purpose of his song;
Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,
Unless good company be kept too long;
But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or station,
Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation!

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing,
Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—
The earliest knowledge from the tree so knowing,
As far as I know, that the church receives:
And since that time it need not cost much showing,
That many of the ills o'er which man grieves,
And still more women, spring from not employing
Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
A rack of pleasure, where we must invent
A something wherewithal to be annoy'd.
Bards may sing what they please about *Content; Contented*, when translated, means but cloy'd;
And hence arise the woes of sentiment,
Blue devils, and blue-stockings, and romances
Reduced to practice, and perform'd like dances.

I do declare, upon an affidavit.
Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen;
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
Would some believe that such a tale had been:
But such intent I never had, nor have it;
Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
Especially when they would look like lies;
I therefore deal in generalities.

"An oyster may be cross'd in love,"—and why?
Because he mopeth idly in his shell,
And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,
Much as a monk may do within his cell:
And *à propos* of monks, their piety
With sloth hath found it difficult to dwell;
Those vegetables of the Catholic creed
Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,
Thou moral Washington of Africa!
But there 's another little thing, I own,
Which you should perpetrate some summer's day,
And set the other half of earth to rights;
You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up the whites.

Shut up the bald-coot bully Alexander!
Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal;
Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for gander,"
And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall?
Shut up each high heroic salamander,
Who eats fire gratis (since the pay 's but small);
Shut up—no, *not* the King, but the Pavilion,
Or else 't will cost us all another million.

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out;
And you will be perhaps surprised to find
All things pursue exactly the same route,
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
Were there a jot of sense among mankind;
But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!
Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 't was.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

By W. M. Thackeray.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,
And his passion boil'd and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

By THOMAS HOOD.

I.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
He'd make a grenadier.

II.

A sergeant soon came down to York,
With ribbons and a frill;
My lads, said he, let broadcast be,
And come away to drill.

III.

But when he wanted John to 'list,
In war he saw no fun,
Where what is called a raw recruit
Gets often over-done.

IV.

Let others carry guns, said he,
And go to war's alarms,
But I have got a shoulder-knot
Imposed upon my arms.

V.

For John he had a footman's place
To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, tho'
Her family was high.

VI.

Now when two years had passed away,
Her lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

VII.

Said John, I am a proper man,
And very tall to see;
Who knows, but now her lord is low,
She may look up to me?

VIII.

A cunning woman told me once,
Such fortune would turn up;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup!

IX.

So he walked up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amazed,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough
He wanted to be raised.

X.

But John—for why? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

XI.

Said he, your lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain;
Not all the cries of London now
Could call him back again!

XII.

You'll soon have many a noble beau,
To dry your noble tears—
But just consider this, that I
Have followed you for years.

XIII.

And tho' you are above me far,
What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine,
And I am six foot three!

XIV.

For tho' you are of lofty race,
And I'm a low-born elf;
Yet none among your friends could say,
You matched beneath yourself.

XV.

Said she, such insolence as this
Can be no common case;
Tho' you are in my service, sir,
Your love is out of place.

XVI.

O Lady Wye ! O Lady Wye !
Consider what you do ;
How could you be so short with me,
I am not so with you !

XVII.

Then ringing for her serving men,
They showed him to the door :
Said they, you turn out better now,
Why didn't you before ?

XVIII.

They stripped his coat, and gave him kicks
For all his wages due ;
And off, instead of green and gold,
He went in black and blue.

XIX.

No family would take him in,
Because of his discharge ;
So he made up his mind to serve
The country all at large.

XX.

Huzza ! the sergeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

XXI.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he looked too tall,
And so he cut him down !

FATHER O'FLYNN.

By Alfred Perceval Graves.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tenderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
Come, I venture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology
Into Thayology,
Troth! and Conchology if he'd the call.
Chorus.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.
Chorus.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety
All to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"
Chorus.

ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

ANON.

O ALLISTER M'ALLISTER,
Your chanter sets us a' astir,
Then to your bags and blaw wi' birr,
We'll dance the Highland fling.
Now Allister has tuned his pipes,
And thrang as bumbees frae their bykes,
The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
And gather on the green.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The Miller, Hab, was fidgin' fain
To dance the Highland fling his lane,
He lap as high as Elspa's wame,
The like was never seen;
As round about the ring he whuds,
And cracks his thumbs and shakes his duds,
The meal flew frae his tails in cluds,
And blinded a' their een.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Neist rauchle-handed smiddy Jock,
A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' shauchlin'* blear-e'ed Bess did yoke,
That slaverin'-gabbit quean.
He shook his doublet in the wund,
His feet like hammers strack the grund,
The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,
Nor kenn'd what it could mean.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,
For he got haud o' winsome Kate,
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
To dance the Highland fling."
The Highland fling he danced wi' glee,
And lap as he were gaun to flee;
Kate beck'd and bobb'd sae bonnilie,
And tript it light and clean.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary houghs† are wantin' rest,
Besides they sair wi' drouth were strest,
Wi' dancin' sae I ween.
I trow the gauntrees gat a lift,
And round the bicker‡ flew like drift,
And Allister that very night,
Could scarcely stand his lane.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

MONEY.

By Lord Byron.

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
(Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,

* Broken down. † Legs. ‡ Bowl.

But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp:
Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,—for love
Is heaven, and heaven is love:"—so sings the bard;
Which it were rather difficult to prove
(A thing with poetry in general hard).
Perhaps there may be something in "the grove,"
At least it rhymes to "love": but I'm prepared
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If "courts" and "camps" be quite so sentimental.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and cash alone
Cash rules the grove, and fells it too besides;
Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were none;
Without cash, Malthus tells you—"take no brides."
So Cash rules Love the Ruler, on his own
High ground, as virgin Cynthia sways the tides:
And as for "Heaven being Love," why not say honey
Is wax! Heaven is not Love, 't is Matrimony.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

By S. T. Coleridge.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm upon earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And how, then, was the Devil drest?
Oh, he was in his Sunday best;
His jacket was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his own vocations;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop:
Quoth he, we are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a cormorant once,
Fast by the tree of knowledge.

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity,
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. There! quoth he, with a smile,
Goes "England's commercial prosperity."

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

General Gascoigne's burning face
He saw with consternation;
And back to hell his way did take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
'Twas a general conflagration.

THE MALTWORM'S MADRIGAL.

By Austin Dobson.

I drink of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the
Ale of Chepe;
At noon I dream on the settle; at night I cannot
sleep;
For my love, my love it groweth; I waste me all
the day;
And when I see sweet Alison, I know not what to
say.

The sparrow when he spieth his Dear upon the
tree,
He beateth to his little wing; he chirketh lustily;
But when I see sweet Alison, the words begin to
fail;
I wot that I shall die of Love—an I die not of Ale.

Her lips are like the muscadel; her brows are
black as ink;
Her eyes are bright as beryl stones that in the
tankard wink;
But when she sees me coming, she shrilleth out—
"Te-Hee!
Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin, what lackest thou
of me?"

'Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin! Why be thine eyes so small?
Why go thy legs tap-lappetty like men that fear to fall?
Why is thy leathern doublet besmeared with stain and spot?
Go to. Thou art no man (she saith)—thou art a Pottle-pot!"

"No man," i' faith. "No man!" she saith. And "Pottle-pot" thereto!
"Thou sleepest like our dog all day; thou drink'st as fishes do."
I would that I were Tibb the dog; he wags at her his tail;
Or would that I were fish, perdy,—and all the sea were Ale!

So I drink of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the Ale of Chepe;
All day I dream in the sunlight; I dream and eke I weep,
But little lore of loving can any flagon teach,
For when my tongue is looséd most, then most I lose my speech.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked *écaillère* is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares, and shrugs his shoulder—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terré's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and with Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette;*
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

THERE DWALT A MAN.

By Allan Cunningham.

There dwalt a man into the west,
And O gin he was cruel,
For on his bridal night at e'en
He gat up and grat for gruel.
They brought to him a gude sheep head,
A napkin and a towel:
Gar tak' thae whim-whams far frae me,
And bring to me my gruel.

But there's nae meal in a' the house,
What will we do, my jewel?
Get up the powk and shake it out,
I winna want my gruel.

But there's nae milk in a' the house,
Nor yet a spunk o' fuel :
Gae warm it in the light o' the moon,
I winna want my gruel.

O lake-a-day for my first wife,
Wha was baith white and rosie,
She cheer'd me aye at e'ening fa'
Wi' something warm and cozie :
Farewell to pleasant draps o' drink,
To butter brose and gruel ;
And farewell to my first sweet wife,
My cannie Nancy Newell.

LITTLE BILLEE.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree !
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee:
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

By Robert Burns.

There were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall:
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim:
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe:
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all—
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

HOCK *VERSUS* FALERNIAN.

(ANON.)

As some Peter-house fellows, one day, I have heard,
Were disputing which liquor old Horace preferred,
While some were for this sort, and others for that,
And backed their belief with quotations quite pat;

Whilst, in spite of their joking, the contest ran high,
And some would have quarrell'd, but couldn't tell why :
Old P—ne, who till now had not moved tongue or breech,
Put an end to the war by this comical speech :—
"You may talk of your wines, with a name purely classic,
Such as Chian, Falernian, Lesbian, and Massic ;
But of this I am sure, and it worthy of note is,
Hock, hock was his liquor,—'Hoc erat in votis!'"

COLOGNE.

By S. T. Coleridge.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches ;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks !
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
But tell me, Nymphs ! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

TAM O'SHANTER.

By Robert Burns.

When chapman billies* leave the street,
And drouthy neibors neibors meet,
As market days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak the gate :

* Pedlars.

While we sit bousing at the nappy,*
And gettin' fou and unco happy,
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,†
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;‡
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder,§ wi' the miller
Thou sat as lang as thou hadst siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd in Doon!
Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

* Ale.
† Worthless fellow.
‡ Boaster.
§ Corn sent to the mill.

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,* that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither!
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy!
As bees flée hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;

* Foaming ale.

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was 'cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;*
And past the birks and meikle stane
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane:
And through the whins, and by the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;

* Was smothered.

When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore* the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle i' their heels:
At winnock-bunker,† i' the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip‡ slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;§
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristian bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;

* Hole in the wall. † Window seat. ‡ Spell. § Irons.

Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft :
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd, amazed and curious
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost* her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark.
Now Tam ! O Tam ! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,†
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder‡ linen !
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonny burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie§ hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowpin' and flingin' on a cummock,‖
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;

* Stripped. † Grey flannel.
‡ Fine linen woven in a reed of 1,700 divisions.
§ Gallows-worthy. ‖ Staff.

For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty sark,* o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun core,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enriched.
Even Satan glower'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,†
When plundering herds assail their byke,‡
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

* Short chemise. † Fuss. ‡ Hive.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'lt get thy fairin' !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig ;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross ;
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;*
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :
Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think ! ye may buy the joys ower dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

THE DONNYBROOK JIG.

By Viscount Dillon.

Oh ! 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg,
That could properly handle a twig,
He wint to the fair, and kicked up a dust there,
In dancing a Donnybrook jig—with his twig.
Oh ! my blessing to Dermot M'Figg.

* Design.

Whin he came to the midst of the fair,
He was all in a paugh for fresh air,
For the fair very soon, was as full—as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there, oh rare!
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook Fair.

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went,
Peep'd in here and there, as he walked through the fair,
And took a small drop in each tent—as he went,—
Oh! on whisky and love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
With a meal-man so tall and so big,
But his own darling Kate, so gay and so nate?
Faith! her partner he hit him a dig—the pig,
He beat the meal out of his wig.

The piper, to keep him in tune,
Struck up a gay lilt very soon;
Until an arch wag cut a hole in the bag,
And at once put an end to the tune—too soon—
Och! the music flew up to the moon.

The meal-man he looked very shy,
While a great big tear stood in his eye,
He cried, "Lord, how I'm kilt, all alone for that jilt;
With her may the devil fly high in the sky,
For I'm murdered, and don't know for why."

"Oh!" says Dermot, and he in the dance,
Whilst a step to'ards his foe did advance,
"By the Father of Men, say but that word again,
And I'll soon knock you back in a trance—to your dance,
For with me you'd have but small chance."

"But," says Kitty, the darlint, says she,
"If you'll only just listen to me,
It's myself that will show that he can't be your foe,
Though he fought for his cousin—that's me," says she,
"For sure Billy's related to me.

"For my own cousin-jarmin, Anne Wild,
Stood for Biddy Mulroony's first child;
And Biddy's step-son, sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild a child
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

"And may be you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goat's-whey in Dundrum's sweet town?
'Twas her uncle's half-brother, who married my mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown, to go down
When the marriage was held in Milltown."

"By the powers, then," says Dermot, "'tis plain,
Like the son of that rapscallion Cain,
My best friend I have kilt, though no blood is spilt,
But the devil a harm did I mane—that's plain;
And by me he'll be ne'er kilt again."

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

By Thomas Hood.

I.

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now!

They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

II.

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!

III.

Once I was asked advice, and tasked
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear me read;
But now if I began,
How they would snub, "My pretty page,"—
I'm not a single man!

IV.

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons, then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

V.

Oh! how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:

But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

VI.

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

VII.

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my Cabinet
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernised—
I'm not a single man!

VIII.

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine—
I'm not a single man!

IX.

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone
I'm not a single man!

X.

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
At compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

XI.

Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

XII.

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

XIII.

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright—
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

XIV.

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hashed to death, or smashed
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

THE FORLORN ONE.

By Rev. R. H. Barham.

Ah! why those piteous sounds of woe,
Lone wanderer of the dreary night?
Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
Thy bosom pants in wild affright!

And thou, within whose iron breast
Those frowns austere too truly tell,
Mild pity, heaven-descended guest,
Hath never, never deign'd to dwell.

"That rude, uncivil touch forego,"
Stern despot of a fleeting hour!
Nor "make the angels weep" to know
The fond "fantastic tricks" of power!

Know'st thou not "mercy is not strain'd,
 But droppeth as the gentle dew,"
And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
 It blesseth him who gave it, too?

Say, what art thou? and what is he,
 Pale victim of despair and pain,
Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
 Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain?

Cold callous man!—he scorns to yield,
 Or aught relax his felon gripe,
But answers, "I'm Inspector Field
 And this here warment's prigg'd your wipe."

SURNAMES.

By James Smith.

Men once were surnamed for their shape or estate
 (You all may from history worm it),
There was Louis the bulky, and Henry the Great,
 John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit:
But now, when the doorplates of misters and
 dames
 Are read, each so constantly varies;
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling,
 surnames
 Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a whig,
 Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig
 While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout
 (A conduct well worthy of Nero),
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
 Mr. Heavyside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose
Mr. Love,
Found nothing but sorrow await her;
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut;
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old Mr Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock;
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers;
Miss Pool used to dance, but she stands like a
stock
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwined him;
Mr. Metcalf ran off upon meeting a cow,
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a root,
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,
Mr. Foot all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Consumed all the fortune his dad won;
Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health;
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one;
Mr. Cruikshank stept into three thousand a year
By showing his leg to an heiress:
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite
clear
Surnames ever go by contraries.

CAPTAIN PATON.

By J. G. LOCKHART.

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead.
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine
They were whiter than the snow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton:
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know,
They would see him with his Courier
In the middle of the row—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop
Which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsey
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro—
Oh! I shall ne'er take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly rin to the West-port,
And a stoup of water bring;

Then would he mix the genuine stuff
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow—
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So and So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con* but not the *pro*—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen—
How he fought with a French Major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below—
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the Captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view;
So the Captain made his test'ment
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn-kirk,
'Tis the way we all must go—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed
For this prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

ADVERTISEMENTS

By Sir George O. Trevelyan.

On Balaclava's fatal plain
A wounded soldier lies,
And as he thinks upon his home,
Tears dim his hardy eyes:
His dying charger struggling near
Pants answer to his sighs.
"Curse that jack-boot!" he sadly cried;
"They said 'twas shot-proof, but they lied;
The villains took me in.
Would that, like Captain Gray, I'd bought
At Samuel Green's, 6, Lombard Court,
Of Bishopsgate Within!"

The mother sees a hectic flush
Steal o'er her darling's face:
She sees consumption's fatal touch
That well-loved form embrace;
And tearful murmurs, as she views
The dread disease's trace,
"Woe worth that sad November day,
When on the grass my child would play
In shoes of texture thin.
Alas, alas! they were not bought
At Samuel Green's, 6, Lombard Court,
Of Bishopsgate Within."

A century hence, when we are dead,
Some pensive Hindoo swain
Will find a mouldering pair of Boots
On the wild Indian plain:
And he'll exclaim, as eagerly
He stoops the prize to gain:
"The hero's name has passed away,
His sword is rust, his form is clay;
He fell when England's firm array
The Kaisembagh did win.
His boots remain, for they were bought
At Samuel Green's, 6, Lombard Court,
Of Bishopsgate Within."

ALTHOUGH it is wrong, we must freely confess,
To judge of the merits of folks by their dress,
Yet we cannot but think that a shocking bad Hat
Is a very poor sign of a man, for all that.

Especially now that James Johnson is willing
To touch up your old ones in style for a shilling;
And give them a gloss of such beautiful hue,
As makes them look newer than when they were new.

FOR prices wonderfully small,
Jones sells superior Tea to all
Who to his house repair.
Where else, he asks, can people find
Goodness and cheapness so combined,
And Echo answers, Where?

RIGID BODY SINGS.

By J. C. MAXWELL.

GIN a body meet a body
Flyin' through the air,
Gin a body hit a body,
Will it fly? and where?
Ilka impact has its measure,
Ne'er a' ane hae I,
Yet a' the lads they measure me,
Or, at least, they try.

Gin a body meet a body
Altogether free,
How they travel afterwards
We do not always see.
Ilka problem has its method
By analytics high;
For me, I ken na ane o' them,
But what the waur am I?

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

By J. R. PLANCHÉ.

AT Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided

For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education.
That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match;
Was a dead-hand at pigeon-shooting;
Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random—
Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seemed but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warned that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess, that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occurr'd next night;
When our Incurable came rolling
Home, as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the College Bell. No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarum,
When to his great delight he heard
The sordid Janitor, Old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
"Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum."
"'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry."
"Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry.
'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door."
"And I" (young Hopeful interposed)
"Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
So prythee"—Ben began to snore.

"I'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin,
Hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninny;
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in."

"Humph!" growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
"Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."
"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
"I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the Porter in his shirt,
Dripping with rain that never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast!

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry, mimicking old Ben—
"Who's there? 'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate,
I know my duty. 'Tis too late,
You wouldn't have me lose my place?"

"Psha! Mr. Dashington; remember
This is the middle of November,
I'm stripp'd; 'tis raining cats and dogs"—
"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs

"But, hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."
"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.
"No—all or none—a full acquittance;
The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
But you have fix'd the price, not I—
I won't take less; I can't afford it."
So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

"Surely you will give me," growl'd the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
"Oh, surely, surely," Harry said,
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half-drown'd and quite undress'd,
I'll give you," said the generous fellow—
Free, as most people are, when mellow—
"Yes, I'll give you—leave to go to bed!"

TO THE MASTER OF TRINITY.

By R. C. Lehmann.

Dr. Butler, may I venture without seeming too
officious
To congratulate you warmly on a birthday so
auspicious?
The event is surely worthy that I too should raise
my voice at it,
And proclaim as best I may that like all others I
rejoice at it.

I am late—I own it humbly—but from censure crave immunity;
I should have wished you joy before, but lacked the opportunity.
And you too, fair young mistress of our ancient Lodge at Trinity,
Though to the usual natal ode my rhymes have small affinity,
Though good wishes from an unknown friend may savour of temerity,
Yet accept both them and my excuse for wishing them—sincerity.
And the son! with two such parents this small member of our college
Must be, unlike the ruck of us, a paragon of knowledge;
Armed cap-à-pie with wisdom like the goddess in the stories;
A human sort of letters which we term *humaniores;*
A kind of tiny scholiast who'll startle his relations
With his luminous suggestions and his subtle emendations;
A lexicon in arms, with all the syntax grafted in on him;
A Gradus ad Parnassum, full of epithet and synonym;
A Corpus Poetarum, such as classics love to edit, he
Will furnish, let me hope, a bright example of heredity.
Though no doubt he'll be a stoic or a modern Pocahontas
(This allusion is τι *βάρβαρον*) when cutting his οδόντας;
Yet *if* he when his teething time approaches should to cry elect,
He will cry, I am persuaded, in the purest Attic dialect.

If a keen desire for nourishment his baby face should mottle,
He will *think* "nunc est bibendum"—not, like others, "pass the bottle."
Before he doffs his long clothes, and while scarcely fit to wean, he
Will be game to tackle Schliemann on the treasures of Mycenæ;
And although his conversation must be chiefly esoteric,
Yet I warrant, if the truth were known, he often talks Homeric;
Then, whilst others merely babble, he will whet his infant senses [tenses.
On a new and striking theory of Greek and Latin
He'll eschew his india-rubber ring, vote picture-books immoral, [coral.
And prefer an hour with Tacitus to rattle or to
He will subjugate hexameters and conquer elegiacs, [Dyaks;
As easily as Rajah Brooke made mincemeat of the
And in struggles with alcaics and iambics, and the rest of it,
I will lay a thousand drachmæ Master Butler gets the best of it.
And whatever Dr. Jebb may think, he'll look a small potato
Should he dare to take this infant on in Æschylus or Plato.
Then (forgive me if I mention but a few amongst his many tricks)
He will call his father "genitor," his mother "alma genetrix,"
At an age when other babies stutter "Pa" or "Ma" or "Gra'ma,"
He will solve—oh, joy!—the mystery and sense of the digamma;

He'll discover by an instinct, though the point is somewhat knotty,
That in certain cases πρός is used, in other cases ποτί.
He will know the proper case for every little preposition,
Will correctly state a certainty or hint at a condition.
Latin prose will be a game to him; at two he'll take a prize in it,
With no end of Ciceronian turns and lots of *quippe qui-s* in it.
With the ablatives so absolute they awe you into silence,
And such indirect narrations that they wind away a mile hence;
With the sentences so polished that they shine like housemaid's faces,
All the words both big and little fixed like features in their places;
With the moods all strictly accurate, the tenses in their sequences,
And a taste so truly classical it shudders at infrequencies;
With some cunning bits of *tam-s* and *quam-s*, and all the little wily sets
Of *donec-s* and of *quamvis-es*, of *dum-s* and *quin-s* and *scilicet-s*.
All the imperfections rubbed away, the roughness nicely levelled off,
Like a sheet of burnished copper with the edges neatly bevelled off.
In short, go search all Europe through, you'll find that in Latinity
Not a soul can hold a candle to our Master's son in Trinity.

Then he'll write Greek plays by dozens—not such models of insipid ease
(Robert Browning, grant me pardon) as the dramas of Euripides ;
But lines that roll like thunder, Æschylean and Titanic,
With a saving touch of Sophocles, a dash Aristophanic.
Not an accent will be wanting, no false quantity will kill a line ;
There'll be no superfluous particles popped in like γε to fill a line.
Then if asked to choose a story-book this prodigy will nod at us,
And demand the Polyhymnia or the Clio of Herodotus.
At three he'll take a tripos class in Aryan mythology,
And at four confute all Germany in Roman archæology ;
And if his Teuton rivals print huge quartos to suppress him, oh !
I'll back this cyclopædic child, this English duodecimo.
And, bless me ! how his cheeks will glow with infantine elation,
Should he catch his parents tripping in a classical quotation !
He'll be, in fact, before he's done with pap-boat and with ladle,
The critic's last variety — the critic in the cradle.
So a health to you, good Master ; may the day that brought this boy to you
Be through the years a constant source of happiness and joy to you.

May he have his father's eloquence, be charming as his mother,
And when he grows to wield a bat play cricket like his brother.
I looks towards you, Dr. B., and Mrs. Butler too, sir;
The infant prodigy as well,—let's drink it in a "brew," sir.
Take of champagne a magnum, drop some Borage (*that's* the stuff) in it,
With a dash of Cognac, lots of ice, and seltzer *quantum suff.*, in it;
And we'll drain this simple mixture ("simple mixture" sounds Hibernian),
And in honour of the classic babe we'll fancy it's Falernian.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

By Oliver Goldsmith.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied
The man recover'd of the bite—
The dog it was that died.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

By William Cowper.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig:
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain:
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentleman upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes.

By Thomas Gray.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,

Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but, 'midst the tide,
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize:
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled):
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard:
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

THE RETIRED CAT.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick,—
Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
Or else she learned it of her master.
Sometimes ascending, debonair,
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gardener at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering-pot;
There, wanting nothing save a fan
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparelled in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to Court.
 But love of change, it seems, has place
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wished instead of those
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use—
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there;
Puss with delight beyond expression
Surveyed the scene, and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease ere long,
And lulled by her old humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.
Awakened by the shock, cried Puss,
"Was ever cat attended thus!
"The open drawer was left, I see,
"Merely to prove a nest for me.
"For soon as I was well composed,
"Then came the maid, and it was closed.
"How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!
"Oh, what a delicate retreat!
"I will resign myself to rest
"Till Sol, declining in the west,
"Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
"Susan will come and let me out."
The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day,)
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening gray again ensued,

And puss came into mind no more
Than if entombed the day before.
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, or purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.
That night by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—"What's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied;
Yet, by his ear directed guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest,
And, doubtful what, with prudent care
Resolved it should continue there.
At length a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him, and dispelled his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop
The rest in order to the top;
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Anything rather than a chest.

Then stepped the poet into bed,
With this reflection in his head:

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

THE DEAN'S STORY.

By R. Carr Bosanquet.

"That cat, sir, black and yellow
And blind and deaf and lame,
Is on the books as Fellow,
And ranks in all but name·
As Master," said the Junior Dean,
And told this tale to me between
Our efforts on the bowling-green,
As I repeat the same.

"There entered at this College
Some dozen years ago,
A man that hated knowledge
And held that books were low.
Your thoroughbred patrician weed
Can run uncommon quick to seed—
I judge by Chapels—to proceed,
He lived on staircase O.

"He never stinted tenners
His tip was seldom less,
And when he ran at Fenner's
He ran in evening dress:
Became what you would call a Blood,
One part whisky, three parts mud,
The kind that chews the devil's cud,
And chews it to excess.

"His sinful soul was spotted
As any groom's cravat.
And grew so far besotted
With self-indulgence that,
Impelled one night by freak of fate
Or liquors that intoxicate,
At any rate returning late
In passing through the College gate
He kicked the Senior Cat.

"She rose in silent sorrow,
Inscrutable, obese,
Resolved that on the morrow
Indignities should cease.
Her couriers, the Chapel bats,
Proclaimed the tryst to fens and flats,
And midnight found three hundred cats
Encamped on Parker's Piece.

"That night, about a quarter
To one or something more,
Men say the college porter
Sat up in bed and swore.
He cursed the bell that broke his sleep
In tones to make a Bursar weep,
In metaphors as broad as deep,
Then loth unbarred the door.

"It was no common cabby
That pealed the midnight bell;
It was a grizzled tabby,
A cat he knew right well;
And lo! behind her through the night
A long procession loomed in sight,
Cats black and yellow, dun and white,
Blue-grey and tortoise-shell.

"Their pace was soft and solemn,
Their claws were bared to wound,
In dim fantastic column
A dreadful dirge they crooned.
He counted near three hundred pass
In single file across the grass,
He heard the crash of breaking glass,
That heard, and hearing swooned.

"Against his shoulder creaking
The gate swung to and fro,
And round the turrets shrieking
Came gusts of wind and snow.
Yet men that are not wont to dream
Declare they heard a human scream
That unmistakeably did seem
To come from staircase O.

"A help about the dawning,
Unlocked the outer door;
She found the window yawning
And snow across the floor,
An empty bed, no blood, no tracks:
No corpse in Cam or on the Backs:
For whom the wrath of Pasht attacks
Is seen on earth no more.
The only clue that fact supplied
I personally verified—
The cats in all the countryside
Were sleeker than before.

"No Proctor, Dean or Master
Has more despotic right
Of dealing out disaster
And satisfying spite.
The most unbending democrat
Does homage to the Senior Cat,
And—*verbum sapienti sat*—
It's just as well to lift your hat
In passing, so—Good-night."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE CAT.

By Sir Frederick Pollock.

The Junior Fellow's vows were said;
Among his co-mates and their Head
His place was fairly set.
Of welcome from friends old and new
Full dues he had, and more than due;
What could be lacking yet?

One said, "The Senior Fellow's vote!"
The Senior Fellow, black of coat,
Save where his front was white,
Arose and sniffed the stranger's shoes
With critic nose, as ancients use
To judge mankind aright.

I—for 'twas I who tell the tale—
Conscious of fortune's trembling scale,
Awaited the decree;
But Tom had judged: "He loves our race,"
And, as to his ancestral place,
He leapt upon my knee.

Thenceforth in common-room and hall
A *verus socius* known to all
I came and went and sat,
Far from cross fate's or envy's reach ;
For none a title could impeach
Accepted by the cat.

While statutes changed, and freshmen came,
His gait, his wisdom were the same,
His age no more than mellow ;
Yet nothing mortal may defy
The march of *Anno Domini*,
Not e'en the Senior Fellow.

Beneath our linden shade he lies ;
Mere eld hath softly closed his eyes
With late and honoured end.
He seems, while catless we confer,
To join with faint Elysian purr,
A tutelary friend.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

WITH ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nymphs of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made o' windows !

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial.

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron,
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song,
Cast oi on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I, poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the bird's
That roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright toiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Paythers, Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians,
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian ;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace !)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misther
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By maydiayval Pugin ;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones,
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair ;
There's water-gods with urrns ;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see,
" God save the Queen," by turrns.

There's statues bright
Of marble white,
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym injynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs,
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And illigant wheelbarrows.

For thim genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em:
There's droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There's cabs on stands
And shandthrydanns;
There's wagons from New York here;
There's Lapland sleighs
Have cross'd the seas,
And jaunting cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco:
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Behay;
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And gingerbread and jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins fill'd with roses;
There's canvas tints,
Teeth insthrumints,
And shuits of clothes by Moses.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, Judy thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition

THE ENGLISHMAN.

By THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THE Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
The Lombard his Ventian,
And some like breechless women go—
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian.
The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth;
The Englishmen is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn, too;
The Russ with sables furs his cap,
And change will not be drawn to;
The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever;
But of all felts that can be felt,
Give me your English beaver.

The German loves his cony-wool,
The Irishman his shag, too;
The Welsh his monmouth loves to wear
And of the same will brag, too.
Some love the rough and some the smooth,
Some great and others small things;
But, oh! your lecherous Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things.

The Russ drinks quass ; Dutch, Lubeck beer,
And that is strong and mighty,
The Briton, he metheglin quaffs,
The Irish, aquavitæ ;
The French affect the Orleans grape,
The Spaniard tastes his sherry ;
The English none of these can scape,
But he with all makes merry.

The Italian in her high chapine,
Scotch lass, and lovely frau, too,
The Spanish donna, French madame,
He will not fear to go to ;
Nothing so full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the centre,
No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,
On which he dare not venture.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

By J. GRUBBE.

THE story of King Arthur old
Is very memorable,
The number of his valiant knights,
And roundness of his table :
The knights around his table in
A circle sate, d'ye see :
And altogether made up one
Large hoop of chivalry.
He had a sword, both broad and sharp,
Y-cleped Caliburn,
Would cut a flint more easily
Than pen-knife cuts a corn ;

As case-knife does a capon carve,
So would it carve a rock,
And split a man at single slash,
From noddle down to nock.
As Roman Augur's steel of yore
Dissected Tarquin's riddle,
So this would cut both conjurer
And whetstone thro' the middle.
He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welsh:
But George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguey squelsh.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
Was fed with milk of goat;
And like him made a noble shield
Of she-goat's shaggy coat:
On top of burnisht helmet he
Did wear a crest of leeks;
And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod
Drew tears down hostile cheeks.
Itch and Welsh blood did make him hot,
And very prone to ire;
H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,
And would as soon take fire.
As brimstone he took inwardly
When scurf gave him occasion,
His postern puff of wind was a
Sulphureous exhalation.
The Briton never tergivers'd,
But was for adverse drubbing,
And never turn'd his back to aught,
But to a post for scrubbing.

His sword would serve for battle, or
For dinner, if you please ;
When it had slain a Cheshire man,
'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.
He wounded, and, in their own blood,
Did anabaptize Pagans :
But George he made the dragon an
Example to all dragons.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
Challeng'd a gyant savage ;
And streight came out the unwieldy lout,
Brim-full of wrath and cabbage :
He had a phiz of latitude,
And was full thick i' th' middle ;
The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,
And paunch of squire Beadle.
But the knight fell'd him, like an oak,
And did upon his back tread ;
The valiant knight his weazon cut,
And Atropos his packthread.
Besides he fought with a dun cow,
As say the poets witty,
A dreadful dun, and horned too,
Like dun of Oxford city :
The fervent dog-days made her mad,
By causing heat of weather,
Sirius and Procyon baited her,
As bull-dogs did her father :
Grasiers, nor butchers this fell beast
E'er of her frolick hindred ;
John Dosset she'd knock down as flat
As John knocks down her kindred :

Her heels would lay ye all along,
And kick into a swoon ;
Frewin's cow-heels keep up your corpse,
But hers would beat you down.
She vanquisht many a sturdy wight,
And proud was of the honour ;
Was pufft by mauling butchers so,
As if themselves had blown her.
At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,
But all that would not fright him ;
Who wav'd his winyard o'er sir-loyn,
As if he'd gone to knight him.
He let her blood, frenzy to cure,
And eke he did her gall rip ;
His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit,
Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib :
He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,
Instead of arch triumphal :
But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,
As made him on his bum fall.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,
The Turkish squadrons slew ;
And fetch'd the pagan crescent down,
With half-moon made of yew :
His trusty bow proud Turks did gall
With showers of arrows thick,
And bow-strings, without strangling, sent
Grand-Visiers to old Nick :
Much turbants, and much Pagan pates
He made to humble in dust ;
And heads of Saracens he fixt
On spear, as on a sign-post :

He coop'd in cage Bajazet, the prop
Of Mahomet's religion,
As if 't had been the whispering bird,
That prompted him, the pigeon.
In Turkey-leather scabbard he
Did sheath his blade so trenchant:
But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,
And cut off every inch on't.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The amazon Thalestris was
Both beautiful and bold;
She sear'd her breasts with iron hot,
And bang'd her foes with cold.
Her hand was like the tool wherewith
Jove keeps proud mortals under:
It shone just like his lightning,
And batter'd like his thunder.
Her eye darts lightning that would blast
The proudest he that swagger'd,
And melt the rapier of his soul,
In its corporeal scabbard.
Her beauty, and her drum to foes
Did cause amazement double;
As timorous larks amazed are
With light, and with a low-bell:
With beauty, and that Lapland charm,
Poor men she did bewitch all;
Still a blind whining lover had,
As Pallas had her scrich-owl.
She kept the chasteness of a nun
In armour, as in cloyster:
But George undid the dragon just
As you'd undo an oister.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

* * * * *

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,
Were put into a cradle:
Their brains with knocks and bottled-ale,
Were often times full-addle:
And, scarcely hatched, these sons of him,
That hurls the bolt trisulcate,
With helmet-shell on tender head,
Did tussle with red-ey'd pole-cat.
Castor a horseman, Pollux tho'
A boxer was, I wist:
The one was fam'd for iron heel;
Th' other for leaden fist.
Pollux, to shew he was a god,
When he was in a passion
With fists made noses fall down flat
By way of adoration:
This fist, as sure as French disease,
Demolish'd noses' ridges:
He like a certain lord was fam'd
For breaking down of bridges.
Castor the flame of fiery steed
With well-spur'd boots took down;
As men, with leathern buckets, quench
A fire in country town.
His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,
Is sung on oaten quill;
By bards' immortal provender
The nag surviveth still.
This shelly brood on none but knaves
Employ'd their brisk artillery:
And flew as naturally at rogues,
As eggs at thief in pillory.

Much sweat they spent in furious fight,
Much blood they did effund:
Their whites they vented thro' the pores;
Their yolks thro' gaping wound:
Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust
To make a heavenly sign;
The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd,
And then hung up to shine;
Such were the heavenly double-Dicks,
The sons of Jove and Tyndar:
But George he cut the dragon up,
As he had bin duck or windar.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

* * * * *

Full fatal to the Romans was
The Carthaginian Hanni-
bal; him I mean, who gave them such
A devilish thump at Cannæ:
Moors, thick as goats on Penmenmure,
Stood on the Alpes's front:
Their one-ey'd guide, like blinking mole,
Bor'd thro' the hind'ring mount:
Who, baffled by the massy rock,
Took vinegar for relief,
Like plowmen, when they hew their way
Thro' stubborn rump of beef.
As dancing louts from humid toes
Cast atoms of ill savour
To blinking Hyatt, when on vile crowd
He merriment does endeavour,
And saws from suffering timber out
Some wretched tune to quiver,
So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight
Of Affrican carnivor.

The tawny surface of his phiz
Did serve instead of vizzard :
But George he made the dragon have
A grumbling in his gizzard.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The valour of Domitian,
It must not be forgotten ;
Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,
Protected veal and mutton.
A squadron of flies errant,
Against the foe appears ;
With regiments of buzzing knights,
And swarms of volunteers :
The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em
With animating hum ;
And the loud brazen hornet next,
He was their kettle-drum :
The Spanish don cantharido
Did him most sorely pester,
And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
Full many a plaguy blister.
A bee whipt thro' his button-hole,
As thro' key-hole a witch,
And stabb'd him with her little tuck
Drawn out of scabbard breech :
But the undaunted knight lifts up
An arm both big and brawny,
And slasht her so, that here lay head,
And there lay bag and honey :
Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,
As weapon made by Cyclops,
And bravely quell'd seditious buzz,
By dint of massy fly-flops.

Surviving flies do curses breathe,
And maggots too at Cæsar:
But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,
And Askelon was his razor.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

SAINT PATRICK.

By DR. MAGINN.

A FIG for St. Dennis of France,
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon.
And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot,
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with the patron of swipers,—
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, "The salt-water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty,
So bring me a flagon of drink
To keep down the mullegrubs, burst ye!
Of drink that is fit for a saint!

He preach'd then with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching;
With a pint he wash'd down his discourse,
For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."

The people, with wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaim'd, "We're for you, my old buck,
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
Who dwells in hot water below."

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon,
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party;
Says the Saint, "This good day, do you hear,
I drink nothing to speak of, my hearty;
So give me a pull at the pot."

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me I tell you no fable),
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
"A miracle!" every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo;
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!
The pot still froth'd over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,
But I've nought in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?"
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic,
He march'd to the county Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason I think,
Since St. Patrick has fill'd it with vermin,
And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh! he was an elegant blade,
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But as he is not, why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish,
Because all the liquor is out.

DON JUAN APPROACHES LONDON.

By Lord Byron.

Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees,
(Like *lucus* from *no* light); through prospects named
Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,
With "To be let" upon their doors proclaimed;
Through "Rows" most modestly called "Paradise,"
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;—

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of "purl,"
There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass
(For in those days we had not got to gas);—

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach
Of travellers to mighty Babylon:
Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
I could say more, but do not choose to encroach
Upon the Guide-book's privilege. The sun
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

That's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thamis—
Who vindicates a moment, too, his stream—
Though hardly heard through multifarious "damme's."
The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,
The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine where fame is
A spectral resident—whose pallid beam
In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

The Druids' groves are gone—so much the better:
Stonehenge is not—but what the devil is it?—
But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,
That madmen may not bite you on a visit;
The Bench too seats or suits full many a debtor;
The Mansion-House, too, (though some people quiz it,)
To me appears a stiff yet grand erection:
But then the Abbey's worth the whole collection.

The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross,
Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation
Like gold as in comparison to dross,
Match'd with the Continent's illumination,
Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss.
The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation,
And when they grew so—on their new-found lantern,
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

A row of gentlemen along the streets
Suspended may illuminate mankind,
As also bonfires made of country-seats;
But the old way is best for the purblind:
The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,
A sort of ignis fatuus to the mind,
Which, though 't is certain to perplex and frighten,
Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

But London 's so well lit, that if Diogenes
Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*,
And found him not amidst the various progenies
Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,
'T were not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his
Yet undiscover'd treasure. What *I* can,
I've done to find the same throughout life's journey,
But see the world is only one attorney.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

By THE REV. R. H. BARHAM.

OCH! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair

'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen
Making a scrimmage at half after four ;
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candlelight,
With roses and lilies and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak.—Och ! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots ;
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The female heiress, Miss Anjä-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame ;
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs.
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
All in the gallery you might persave;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many more;
Och! I'd be bother'd, and entirely smother'd,
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses.
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garaments and her goulden crown,
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown;
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow;
And Sir George Smart, oh! he played a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!"

Then his Riverence retrating, discoorsed the mating—
"Boys, here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that—I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling, to the Pow'rs appealing—
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter, he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all for me!"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle was rolling—'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop,
With lobsters and white-bait, and other swatemeats,
And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies and rich mellow pears,—
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly old Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people
wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry.
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

By CHARLES LEVER.

BAD luck to this marching,
Pipe-claying and starching;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French!
I'm sick of parading,
Through wet and cowld wading,
Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
To the tune of a fife,
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
Now I like Garryowen,
When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be
kilt.

Then though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare;
They say some disaster,
Befel the paymaster;
In my conscience I think that the money's not
there.
And, just think, what a blunder;
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear;

Though there isn't a village,
But cries, "Come and pillage,"
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
Where it is no disgrace,
If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
With no sergeant t'abuse us,
We fight to amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon;
How I'd dance like a fairy,
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon!

DOUBLE BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

By Andrew Lang.

He lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and foes,
But his list of forbidden degrees
An extensive morality shows;
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose,—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

He worshipp'd the rain and the breeze,
He worshipp'd the river that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees
And bogies, and serpents, and crows;

He buried his dead with their toes
 Tucked-up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their nose,—
 'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

His communal wives, at his ease,
 He would curb with occasional blows
Or his State had a queen, like the bees
 (As another philosopher trows):
When he spoke, it was never in prose,
 But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
 'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

On the coasts that incessantly freeze,
 With his stones, and his bones, and his bows,
On luxuriant tropical leas,
 Where the summer eternally glows,
He is found, and his habits disclose
 (Let theology say what she can)
That he lived in the long, long agos,
 'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

From a status like that of the Crees
 Our society's fabric arose,—
Develop'd, evolved, if you please,
 But deluded chronologists chose,
In a fancied accordance with Mos
 es, 4000 B.C. for the span
When he rushed on the world and its woes,—
 'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

But the mild anthropologist—*he's*
 Not *recent* inclined to suppose
Flints Palæolithic like these,
 Quaternary bones such as those!

In Rhinoceros, Mammoth and Co.'s
First epoch the Human began
Theologians all to expose,—
Tis the *mission* of Primitive Man.

ENVOY.

MAX, proudly your Aryans pose,
But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
For, as every Darwinian knows,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

GEMINI AND VIRGO.

By CHARLES S. CALVERLEY.

SOME vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child;
A young bud bursting into blossom;
Artless as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum:

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
Why hatters as a race are mad,
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a "limb";
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers:

And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And smile, and look politely round
To catch a casual suggestion ;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities : and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for ;

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together ;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather :

And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars ;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do ;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy ;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday ;

And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many.

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came.
Real love, at that time, was the fashion ;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

Old Poser snorted like a horse:
His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse:—
But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing, gushing thing;
All—more than all—my fancy painted;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue:
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two;
And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do;
(None ever did that I've heard tell of;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of.

Oh sweet—as to the toilworn man
The far-off sound of rippling river;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was Anna; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit;
I'd written lines to her as Venus;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us:

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand ;
There was no doubt about the matter ;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we "planted" blows on blows :
We fought as long as we were able :
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,

When the school-bell cut short our strife.
Miss P. gave both of us a plaister ;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

* * * *

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
Only one must not love Another's :
But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
Peace only : that the blood is brisker
In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
Are partially obscured by whisker ;

Or that the growing ages steal
The memories of past wrongs from us.
But this is certain—that I feel
Most friendly unto thee, O Thomas !

And wheresoe'er we meet again,
On this or that side the equator—
If I've not turned teetotaller then,
And have wherewith to pay the waiter—

To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
Ignite with thee the mild Havannah ;
And we will waft, while liquoring up,
Forgiveness to the heartless Anna.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AGIB.

By W. S. Gilbert.

Strike the concertina's melancholy string!
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything!
Let the piano's martial blast
Rouse the Echoes of the Past,
For of Agib, Prince of Tartary, I sing!

Of Agib, who, amid Tartaric scenes,
Wrote a lot of ballet music in his teens:
His gentle spirit rolls
In the melody of souls—
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

Of Agib, who could readily, at sight,
Strum a march upon the loud Theodolite.
He would diligently play
On the Zoetrope all day,
And blow the gay Pantechnicon all night.

One winter—I am shaky in my dates—
Came two starving Tartar minstrels to his gates;
Oh, Allah be obeyed,
How infernally they played!
I remember that they called themselves the "Oüaits."

Oh! that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Photographically lined
On the tablet of my mind,
When a yesterday has faded from its page!

Alas! Prince Agib went and asked them in;
Gave them beer, and eggs, and sweets, and scent, and tin.
And when (as snobs would say)
They had "put it all away,"
He requested them to tune up and begin.

Though its icy horror chill you to the core,
I will tell you what I never told before,—
The consequences true
Of that awful interview,
For I listened at the keyhole in the door!

They played him a sonata—let me see!
"*Medulla oblongata*"—key of G.
Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
"*Scherzando! ma non troppo, ppp.*"

He gave them money, more than they could count,
Scent from a most ingenious little fount,
More beer, in little kegs,
Many dozen hard-boiled eggs,
And goodies to a fabulous amount.

Now follows the dim horror of my tale
And I feel I'm growing gradually pale,
For, even at this day,
Though its sting has passed away,
When I venture to remember it, I quail!

The elder of the brothers gave a squeal,
All-overish it made me for to feel;
"Oh, Prince," he says, says he,
"*If a Prince indeed you be,*
I've a mystery I'm going to reveal!

"Oh, listen, if you'd shun a horrid death,
To what the gent who's speaking to you saith:
No 'Oüaits' in truth are we,
As you fancy that we be,
For (ter-remble!) I am Aleck—this is Beth!"

Said Agib, "Oh! accursed of your kind,
I have heard that ye are men of evil mind!"
Beth gave a fearful shriek—
But before he'd time to speak
I was mercilessly collared from behind.

In number ten or twelve, or even more,
They fastened me full length upon the floor.
On my face extended flat,
I was walloped with a cat
For listening at the keyhole of a door.

Oh! the horror of that agonizing thrill!
(I can feel the place in frosty weather still).
For a week from ten to four
I was fastened to the floor,
While a mercenary wopped me with a will.

They branded me and broke me on a wheel,
And they left me in an hospital to heal;
And, upon my solemn word,
I have never never heard
What those Tartars had determined to reveal.

But that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Photographically lined
On the tablet of my mind,
When a yesterday has faded from its page.

NOT I.

By R. L. Stevenson.

Some like drink
In a pint pot,
Some like to think,
Some not.

Strong Dutch cheese,
Old Kentucky Rye;
Some like these;
Not I.

Some like Poe
And others like Scott,
Some like Mrs. Stowe,
Some not.

Some like to laugh,
Some like to cry,
Some like to chaff,
Not I.

ODE TO TOBACCO.

By CHARLES S. CALVERLEY.

THOU who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet, when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards:
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet I know five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours;
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

By W. S. Gilbert.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?

What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on.

[*It rolls on.*

SOME HALLUCINATIONS.

By Lewis Carroll.

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realise," he said,
"The bitterness of Life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

ETIQUETTE.

By W. S. Gilbert.

The *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,
And down in fathoms many went the captain and the crew;
Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain allured:
Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew,
The passengers were also drowned excepting only two:
Young Peter Gray, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop, and Co.,
And Somers, who from Eastern shores imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast,
Upon a desert island were eventually cast.
They hunted for their meals, as Alexander Selkirk used,
But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For Peter Gray, and Somers too, though certainly in trade,
Were properly particular about the friends they made;
And somehow thus they settled it without a word of mouth—
That Gray should take the northern half, while Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew—a delicacy rare,
But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear.
On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick,
Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty store
Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore.
The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved,
For turtle and his mother were the only things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow as he settled in the south,
For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water to his mouth.

He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff:
He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had had
When on board the *Ballyshannon!* And it drove them nearly mad
To think how very friendly with each other they might get,
If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette!

One day, when out a-hunting for the *mus ridiculus*,
Gray overheard his fellow-man soliloquising thus:
"I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on,
M'Connell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robinson?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted as could be,
Old chummies at the Charterhouse were Robinson and he!
He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned extremely red,
Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit, then cleared his throat, and said:

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold,
But you have breathed a name I knew familiarly of old.
You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by.
You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me, so do I."

It was enough: they felt they could more pleasantly
get on,
For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each knew
Robinson!
And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service
quite,
And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster-beds all
night.

They soon became like brothers from community
of wrongs:
They wrote each other little odes and sang each
other songs;
They told each other anecdotes disparaging their
wives;
On several occasions, too, they saved each other's
lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for
the night,
And got up in the morning soon as ever it was
light;
Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so
upon,
And all because it happened that they both knew
Robinson!

They lived for many years on that inhospitable
shore,
And day by day they learned to love each other
more and more.
At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one
day,
They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the
bay.

To Peter an idea occurred. "Suppose we cross the main?
So good an opportunity may not be found again."
And Somers thought a minute, then ejaculated, "Done!
I wonder how my business in the City's getting on?"

"But stay," said Mr. Peter: "when in England, as you know,
I earned a living tasting teas for Baker, Croop, and Co.,
I may be superseded—my employers think me dead!"
"Then come with me," said Somers, "and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment when they found
The vessel was a convict ship from Portland outward bound;
When a boat came off to fetch them, though they felt it very kind,
To go on board they firmly but respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke,
They recognised a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke:
'Twas Robinson—a convict, in an unbecoming frock!
Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock!!!

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had
been rather rash
In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated
cash;
And Peter thought a foolish tack he must have
gone upon
In making the acquaintance of a friend of
Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've
heard;
They nodded when they met, and now and then
exchanged a word:
The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of
the head,
And when they meet each other now, they cut
each other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of
mouth,
And Peter takes the north again, and Somers
takes the south;
And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in
layers thick,
And Somers has the turtle—turtle always makes
him sick.

MIDDLE AGE.

By R. C. Lehmann.

When that my years were fewer,
Some twenty years ago,
And all that is was newer,
And time itself seemed slow,
With ardour all impassioned,
I let my hopes fly free,
And deemed the world was fashioned
My playing-field to be.

The cup of joy was filled then
With Fancy's sparkling wine;
And all the things I willed then
Seemed destined to be mine.
Friends had I then in plenty,
And every friend was true;
Friends always are at twenty,
And on to twenty-two.

The men whose hair was sprinkled
With little flecks of gray,
Whose faded brows were wrinkled—
Sure they had had their day.
And though we bore no malice,
We knew their hearts were cold,
For they had drained their chalice,
And now were spent and old.

At thirty, we admitted,
A man may be alive,
But slower, feebler witted;
And done at thirty-five.
If Fate prolongs his earth-days,
His joys grow fewer still;
And after five more birthdays
He totters down the hill.

We were the true immortals
Who held the earth in fee;
For us were flung the portals
Of fame and victory.
The days were bright and breezy,
And gay our banners flew,
And every peak was easy
To scale at twenty-two.

. . . .

And thus we spent our gay time
As having much to spend ;
Swift, swift, that pretty playtime
Flew by and had its end.
And lo ! without a warning
I woke, as others do,
One fine mid-winter morning,
A man of forty-two.

And now I see how vainly
Is youth with ardour fired ;
How fondly, how insanely
I formerly aspired.
A boy may still detest age,
But as for me I know,
A man has reached his best age
At forty-two or so.

For youth it is the season
Of restlessness and strife ;
Of passion and unreason,
And ignorance of life.
Since, though his cheeks have roses,
No boy can understand
That everything he knows is
A graft at second hand.

But *we* have toiled and wandered
With weary feet and numb ;
Have doubted, sifted, pondered,—
How else should knowledge come ?
Have seen, too late for heeding,
Our hopes go out in tears,
Lost in the dim receding,
Irrevocable years.

Yet, though with busy fingers
No more we wreathe the flowers,
An airy perfume lingers,
A brightness still is ours.
And though no rose our cheeks have,
The sky still shines as blue;
And still the distant peaks have
The glow of twenty-two.

PENSÉES DE NOËL.

By A. D. GODLEY.

WHEN the landlord wants the rent
Of your humble tenement;
When the Christmas bills begin
Daily, hourly pouring in;
When you pay your gas and poor rate,
Tip the rector, fee the curate,
Let this thought your spirit cheer—
Christmas comes but once a year.

When the man who brings the coal
Claims his customary dole:
When the postman rings and knocks
For his usual Christmas-box:
When you're dunned by half the town
With demands for half-a-crown,—
Think, although they cost you dear,
Christmas comes but once a year.

When you roam from shop to shop,
Seeking, till you nearly drop,
Christmas cards and small donations
For the maw of your relations,
Questing vainly 'mid the heap
For a thing that's nice, and cheap:
Think, and check the rising tear,
Christmas comes but once a year.

Though for three successive days
Business quits her usual ways ;
Though the milkman's voice be dumb ;
Though the paper doesn't come ;
Though you want tobacco, but
Find that all the shops are shut :
Bravely still your sorrows bear—
Christmas comes but once a year.

When mince-pies you can't digest
Join with waits to break your rest :
When, oh when, to crown your woe,
Persons who might better know
Think it needful that you should
Don a gay convivial mood :—
Bear with fortitude and patience
These afflicting dispensations :
Man was born to suffer here :
Christmas comes but once a year.

THE TOUR THAT NEVER WAS.

By Arthur A. Sykes.

Between now and my holidays there but remain two solid days,
And thinking where I'll spend my "vac" has driven me wild with worry ;
In vain have I surveyed acres of plans and maps and Bædekers,
And purchased a small library of "Handy Guides" of Murray.

Shall I, for want of better, say I'll view the
Vierwaldstättersee,
Or watch the Staubbach fall in mist like web of
an arachnid?
Or else, the dawn to see, get up o'ernight upon
the Righi-top—
But no, I feel that Jödel-land is now a trifle
hackneyed!

For a flutter at *chemin-de-fer* I might (the place
is handy) fare
To Trouville, and along the *plage* a "Milor" on
the spree be;
I could in Teuton *musikshaus* (till I of Wagner
grew sick) souse
In "Hofbräu," and essay to flirt with each
biergarten Hebe.

But then, if I to Norway turn, as Ibsenite I'd
more weight earn—
And salmon-fishing mid the Kvæns is certainly
high-class sport;
Or rumble in a tarantass o'er Russia? No, an
arrant ass
I were, to go where night and day you're bad-
gered for your passport!

I'd like (my programme's large) a panoramic
glimpse of far Japan
From Fuji, and round Biwa Lake I'd in a
jinrickshaw go!
Or even—for a hasty bet—I'd go "on tramp" and
pace Thibet,
Or "blue" my surplus cash at what the Yankees
call "Shecawgo."

Look here! I'll have to sham a tour (though but a humble amatoor
At yarning), as this sort of thing is giving me the fidgets!
I'll—since I've eased my intellect by tripping thus in print—elect
To stay at home and twiddle (for the sake of rhyme) my digits!

THE LOST PLEAID.

By ARTHUR REED ROPES
(ADRIAN ROSS).

'TWAS a pretty little maiden
In a garden gray and old,
Where the apple trees were laden
With the magic fruit of gold;
But she strayed beyond the portal
Of the garden of the Sun,
And she flirted with a mortal,
Which she oughtn't to have done!

For a giant was her father and a goddess was her mother,
She was Merope or Sterope—the one or else the other;
And the man was not the equal, though presentable and rich,
Of Merope or Sterope—I don't remember which!

Now the giant's daughters seven,
She among them, if you please,
Were translated to the heaven
As the starry Pleiades!
But amid their constellation
One alone was always dark,
For she shrank from observation
Or censorious remark.

She had yielded to a mortal when he came to
flirt and flatter.
She was Merope or Sterope—the former or the
latter;
So the planets all ignored her, and the comets
wouldn't call
On Merope or Sterope—I am not sure at all!

But the Dog-star, brightly shining
In the hottest of July,
Saw the pretty Pleiad pining
In the shadow of the sky,
And he courted her and kissed her
Till she kindled into light;
And the Pleiads' erring sister
Was the lady of the night!

So her former indiscretion as a fault was never
reckoned,
To Merope or Sterope—the first or else the
second,
And you'll never see so rigidly respectable a
dame
As Merope or Sterope—I can't recall her name!

BALLADE OF CRICKET.

By Andrew Lang.

The burden of hard hitting: slog away!
Here shalt thou make a "five" and there a
"four,"
And then upon thy bat shalt lean and say,
That thou art in for an uncommon score.
Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar,
And thou to rival Thornton shalt aspire,
When low, the Umpire gives thee "leg
before,"—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

The burden of much bowling, when the stay
Of all thy team is "collared," swift or slower,
When "bailers" break not in their wonted way,
And "yorkers" come not off as heretofore,
When length balls shoot no more, ah never more.
When all deliveries lose their former fire,
When bats seem broader than the broad barn-door,—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

The burden of long fielding, when the clay
Clings to thy shoon in sudden shower's downpour,
And running still thou stumblest, or the ray
Of blazing suns doth bite and burn thee sore,
And blind thee till, forgetful of thy lore,
Thou dost most mournfully misjudge a "skyer"
And lose a match the Fates cannot restore,—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

ENVOY.

Alas, yet liefer on youth's hither shore
Would I be some poor Player on scant hire
Than king among the old who play no more,—
"*This* is the end of every man's desire!"

THE FAMOUS BALLAD OF THE JUBILEE CUP.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

YOU may lift me up in your arms, lad, and turn my face to the sun,
For a last look back at the dear old track where the Jubilee Cup was won;

And draw your chair to my side, lad—no, thank ye, I feel no pain—
For I'm going out with the tide, lad; but I'll tell you the tale again.

I'm seventy-nine or nearly, and my head it has long turned grey,
But it all comes back as clearly as though it was yesterday—
The dust, and the bookies shouting around the clerk of the scales,
And the clerk of the course, and the nobs in force, and 'Is 'Ighness the Pr**ce of W*les.

'Twas a nine-hole thresh to wind'ard (but none of us cared for that),
With a straight run home to the service tee, and a finish along the flat,
"Stiff?" ah, well you may say it! Spot barred, and at five stone ten!
But at two and a bisque I'd ha' run the risk; for I was a greenhorn then.

So we stripped to the B. Race signal, the old red swallowtail—
There was young Ben Bolt and the Portland Colt, and Aston Villa, and Yale;
And W. G., and Steinitz, Leander and The Saint,
And the G*rm*n Emp*r*r's Meteor, a-looking as fresh as paint;

John Roberts (scratch), and Safety Match, The Lascar, and Lorna Doone,
Oom Paul (a bye), and Romany Rye, and me upon Wooden Spoon;
And some of us cut for partners, and some of us strung for baulk,
And some of us tossed for stations—But there, what use to talk?

Three-quarter-back on the Kingsclere crack was
station enough for me,
With a fresh jackyarder blowing and the Vicarage
goal a-lee!
And I leaned and patted her centre-bit, and eased
the quid in her cheek,
With a "Soh my lass!" and a "Woa you brute!"
—for she could do all but speak.

She was geared a thought too high perhaps; she
was trained a trifle fine;
But she had the grand reach forward! I never
saw such a line!
Smooth-bored, clean run, from her fiddle head
with its dainty ear half-cock,
Hard-bit, *pur sang*, from her overhang to the heel
of her off hind sock.

Sir Robert he walked beside me as I worked her
down to the mark;
"There's money on this, my lad," said he, "and
most of 'em's running dark;
But ease the sheet if you're bunkered, and pack
the scrummages tight,
And use your slide at the distance, and we'll drink
to your health to-night!"

But I bent and tightened my stretcher. Said I to
myself, said I—
"John Jones, this here is the Jubilee Cup, and
you have to do or die."
And the words weren't hardly spoken when the
umpire shouted "Play!"
And we all kicked off from the Gasworks End
with a "Yoicks!" and a "Gone Away!"

And at first I thought of nothing, as the clay flew
by in lumps,
But stuck to the old Ruy Lopez, and wondered
who'd call for trumps,
And luffed her close to the cushion, and watched
each one as it broke,
And in triple file up the Rowley Mile we went like
a trail of smoke.

The Lascar made the running but he didn't
amount to much,
For old Oom Paul was quick on the ball, and
headed it back to touch;
And the whole first flight led off with the right as
The Saint took up the pace,
And drove it clean to the putting green and
trumped it there with an ace.

John Roberts had given a miss in baulk, but Villa
cleared with a punt;
And keeping her service hard and low the Meteor
forged to the front;
With Romany Rye to windward at dormy and two
to play,
And Yale close up—but a Jubilee Cup isn't run
for every day.

We laid our course for the Warner – I tell you the
pace was hot!
And again off Tattenham Corner a blanket
covered the lot.
Check side! Check side! now steer her wide!
and barely an inch of room,
With The Lascar's tail over our lee rail and
brushing Leander's boom.

We were running as strong as ever—eight knots—
but it couldn't last;
For the spray and the bails were flying, the whole
field tailing fast;
And the Portland Colt had shot his bolt, and Yale
was bumped at the Doves,
And The Lascar resigned to Steinitz, stalemated in
fifteen moves.

It was bellows to mend with Roberts—starred
three for a penalty kick:
But he chalked his cue and gave 'em the butt, and
Oom Paul marked the trick—
"Offside—No Ball—and at fourteen all! Mark
Cock! and two for his nob!"
When W. G. ran clean through his lee and beat
him twice with a lob.

He yorked him twice on a crumbling pitch and
wiped his eye with a brace,
But his guy-rope split with the strain of it and he
dropped back out of the race;
And I drew a bead on the Meteor's lead, and
challenging none too soon,
Bent over and patted her garboard strake, and
called upon Wooden Spoon.

She was all of a shiver forward, the spoondrift thick
on her flanks,
But I'd brought her an easy gambit, and nursed her
over the banks;
She answered her helm—the darling! and woke
up now with a rush,
While the Meteor's jock, he sat like a rock—he
knew we rode for his brush!

There was no one else left in it. The Saint was using his whip,
And Safety Match, with a lofting catch, was pocketed deep at slip;
And young Ben Bolt with his niblick took miss at Leander's lunge,
But topped the net with the ricochet, and Steinitz threw up the sponge.

But none of the lot could stop the rot—nay, don't ask *me* to stop!
The Villa had called for lemons, Oom Paul had taken his drop,
And both were kicking the referee. Poor fellow! he done his best;
But, being in doubt, he'd ruled them out—which he always did when pressed.

So, inch by inch, I tightened the winch, and chucked the sandbags out—
I heard the nursery cannons pop, I heard the bookies shout:
"The Meteor wins!" "No, Wooden Spoon!" "Check!" "Vantage!" "Leg Before!"
"Last Lap!" "Pass Nap!" At his saddle-flap I put up the helm and wore.

You may overlap at the saddle-flap, and yet be loo'd on the tape:
And it all depends upon changing ends, how a seven-year-old will shape;
It was tack and tack to the Lepe and back—a fair ding-dong to the Ridge,
And he led by his forward canvas yet as we shot 'neath Hammersmith Bridge.

He led by his forward canvas—he led from his strongest suit—
But along we went on a roaring scent, and at Fawley I gained a foot.
He fisted off with his jigger, and gave me his wash—too late!
Deuce—Vantage—Check! By neck and neck we rounded into the straight.

I could hear the "Conquering 'Ero" a-crashing on Godfrey's band,
And my hopes fell sudden to zero, just there, with the race in hand—
In sight of the Turf's Blue Ribbon, in sight of the umpire's tape,
As I felt the tack of her spinnaker c-rack! as I heard the steam escape!

Had I lost at that awful juncture my presence of mind? . . . but no!
I leaned and felt for the puncture, and plugged it there with my toe . . .
Hand over hand by the Members' Stand I lifted and eased her up,
Shot—clean and fair—to the crossbar there, and landed the Jubilee Cup!

"The odd by a head, and leg before," so the Judge he gave the word:
And the Umpire shouted "Over!" but I neither spoke nor stirred.
They crowded round: for there on the ground I lay in a dead-cold swoon,
Pitched neck and crop on the turf atop of my beautiful Wooden Spoon.

Her dewlap tire was punctured, her bearings all red hot;
She'd a lolling tongue, and her bowsprit sprung, and her running gear in a knot;
And amid the sobs of her backers, Sir Robert loosened her girth
And led her away to the knacker's. She had raced her last on earth!

But I mind me well of the tear that fell from the eye of our noble Pr*nce,
And the things he said as he tucked me in bed—and I've lain there ever since;
Tho' it all gets mixed up queerly that happened before my spill,—
But I draw my thousand yearly: it'll pay for the doctor's bill.

I'm going out with the tide, lad—you'll dig me a numble grave,
And whiles you will bring your bride, lad, and your sons, if sons you have,
And there when the dews are weeping, and the echoes murmur "Peace!"
And the salt, salt tide comes creeping and covers the popping-crease;

In the hour when the ducks deposit their eggs with a boasted force,
They'll look and whisper "How was it?" and you'll take them over the course,
And your voice will break as you try to speak of the glorious first of June,
When the Jubilee Cup, with John Jones up, was won upon Wooden Spoon

BANGKOLIDYE.

By Barry Pain.

"Gimme my scarlet tie,"
Says I.
"Gimme my brownest boots and hat,
Gimme a vest with a pattern fancy,
Gimme a gel with some style, like Nancy,
And then—well, it's gimes as I'll be at,
Seein' as its bangkolidye,"
Says I.

"May miss it, but we'll try,"
Says I.
Nancy ran like a frightened 'en
Hup the steps of the bloomin' styeshun.
Bookin'-orfus at last! Salvyeshun!
An' the two returns was five-and-ten.
"An' travellin' mikes your money fly,"
Says I.

"This atmosphere is 'igh,"
Says I.
Twelve in a carriage is pretty thick,
When 'ite of the twelve is a sittin', smokin';
Nancy started 'er lawkin, and jokin',
Syin' she 'oped as we shouldn't be sick;
"Don't go on, or you'll mike me die!"
Says I.

"Three styeshuns we've porst by,"
Says I.
"So hout we get at the next, my gel."
When we got hout, she wer pale and saint-like,
White in the gills, and sorter faint-like,
An' said my cigaw 'ad a powerful smell,
"Well, it's the sime as I always buy,"
Says I

"'Ites them clouds in the sky,"
Says I.
"Don't like 'em at all," I says, "that's flat—
Black as your boots and sorter thick'nin'."
"If it's wet," says she, "it *will* be sick'nin'.
I wish as I'd brought my other 'at."
"You thinks too much of your finery,"
Says I.

"Keep them sanwidjus dry,"
Says I,
When the rine came down in a reggiler sheet.
But what can yo do with one umbrella,
And a damp gel strung on the arm of a fella?
"Well, rined-on 'am ain't pleasant to eat,
If yer don't believe it, just go an try,"
Says I.

"There is some gels whort cry,"
Says I.
"And there is some don't shed a tear,
But just get tempers, and when they has'em
Reaches a pint in their sarcasem,
As on'y a dorg could bear to 'ear."
This unto Nancy by-and-by,
Says I.

All's hover now. And why,
Says I.
But why did I wear them boots, that vest?
The bloom is off 'em; they're sad to see;
And hev'rythin's off twixt Nancy and me;
And my trousers is off and gone to be pressed—
And ain't this a blimed bangkolidye?
Says I.

SINCERE FLATTERY OF F. W. H. MYERS.

To A. T. M.

By J. K. Stephen.

See where the K.,* in sturdy self-reliance,
Thoughtful and placid as a brooding dove,
Stands, firmly sucking, in the cause of science,
Just such a peppermint as schoolboys love.

Suck, placid K., the world will be thy debtor;
Though thine eyes water and thine heart grow faint,
Suck: and the less thou likest it the better;
Suck for our sake, and utter no complaint.

Near thee a being, passionate and gentle,
Man's latest teacher, wisdom's pioneer,
Calmly, majestically monumental,
Stands: the august Telepathist is here.

Waves of perception, subtle emanations,
Thrill through the ether, circulate amain;
Delicate soft impalpable sensations,
Born of thy palate, quiver in his brain.

Lo! with a voice unspeakably dramatic,
Lo! with a gesture singularly fine,
He makes at last a lucid and emphatic
Statement of what is in that mouth of thine.

He could detect that peppermint's existence,
He read its nature in the book of doom;
Standing at some considerable distance;
Standing, in fact, in quite another room.

Was there a faint impenetrable essence
Wafted towards him from the sucking K.?
Did some pale ghost inform him of its presence?
Or did it happen in some other way?

* The Cambridge nickname for the late Dr. A. T. Myers.

These are the questions nobody can answer,
 These are the problems nobody can solve;
Only we know that Man is an Advancer:
 Only we know the Centuries revolve.

To R. K.

By J. K. Stephen.

As long I dwell on some stupendous
And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)
Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrendous
Demoniaco-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic.

Browning.

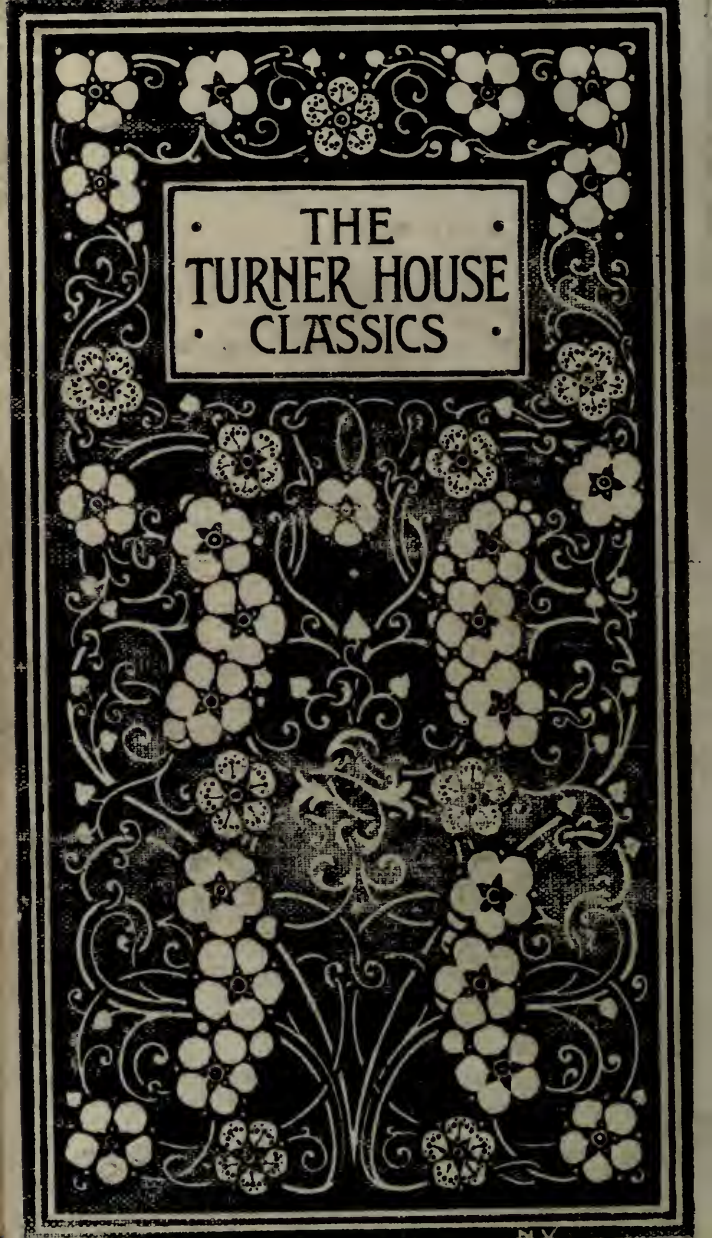
Will there never come a season
 Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
 And an unmelodious verse:
When the world shall cease to wonder
 At the genius of an Ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
 Shall not bring success to pass:

When mankind shall be delivered
 From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
 Into countless smithereens:
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
 Mute, beside a muzzled bore:
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
 And the Haggards Ride no more?

27133

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